



THE ACHERON PULSE

A FOUR-PART STORY BY RICK BRIGGS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

THE DOCTOR: COLIN BAKER

Traveller in time and space.

TENEBRIS:

(M, 50) The former Prince Kylo - now a bitter, vengeful warlord.

EMPRESS CHENI:

(F, 30) Somewhat naïve ruler of the Drashani Empire, travelling incognito.

DUKHIN:

(M, e20s) Eager and loyal Junior Drashani Diplomat.

TEESHA:

(F, e20s) Spirited, resourceful Cawdor native with an aptitude for technology.

VINCOL:

(M, 40s) Cultivated, dedicated Chief Advocate of the Drashani delegation.

BORITZ:

(M, 40s) Bluff, provincial Cawdor functionary.

ATHRID:

(M, 50s) Nomadic warrior-king of Cawdor.

OLERIK/NANNY :

(F, 50s) Athrid's wife, nascent Cawdor warrior-queen.

ALSO: WRATH (M), NOMADS (M), ASTRONAUT (M), BOMB (F), LOST SOULS (M/F), BARKEEP (M), STRANGER (M).

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PART ONE

OPENING THEME

1. INT. ROYAL NURSERY (GADAREL PALACE)

(TINKLING WIND-CHIMES, MUSIC BOX PLAYING)

NANNY:

Have a care, little Cheni. The chimes are pretty... but they have sharp edges.

(A BABY STARTS TO SOB.)

NANNY:

Now you've cut yourself. Poor little mite, let me clean it for you. Hush now. Hush. Shall I tell you a story? Shall I tell you a tale of bravery, love and loss?

(BABY SNIFFLES.)

NANNY:

That's right. The romance of Kylo and Aliona. It's your favourite, isn't it?

(THE BABY'S GURGLING WITH PLEASURE AGAIN.)

NANNY:

Then I'll begin. Once upon a shining star, not so long ago, there lived a courageous Knight of Sorsha, the noble Prince Kylo. And Prince Kylo loved with all his heart a pure and beautiful maiden named Aliona. She was a Princess of House Gadarel. And do you know what else she was?

(BABY GIGGLES.)

NANNY:

That's right, my little Empress...

CROSSFADE TO:

2. INT. OBSERVATION DECK (STARCRUISER)

(CATHEDRAL-LIKE DIMENSIONS, METAL DECKS. THE THRUM OF SHUDDERINGLY POWERFUL ENGINES.)

NANNY (V.O., CONTINUOUS FROM PREVIOUS SCENE):
...she was your cousin.

(THE V.O. FADES LIKE A DREAM. A LIFT-DOOR SWOOSHES OPEN.)

DUKHIN (OFF):
Ah... begging your pardon, Empress Cheni...

CHENI:
Hmm? Oh, it's Dukhin, isn't it? Won't you join me, Dukhin Stubbs? We can watch the stars drift by together.

DUKHIN (OFF):
Er... as you wish, Ma'am. (HE APPROACHES) Very, er... nice.

CHENI:
I don't suppose you visit the Observation Deck very often. You have more important things to do, I imagine.

DUKHIN (APPROACHING):
Um, yes. Usually. (BEAT) Unless... unless you'd like me to. In which case, I'd love to. Watch the stars drift by, I mean. Nothing better.

(CHENI LAUGHS - WARMLY, NOT SNEERING.)

CHENI:
No, that's quite all right, Dukhin. Although I do recommend it. So very peaceful. (GENTLY) You must have come here for a reason. Did Vincol send you?

DUKHIN:
Er, yes, he did, he wanted me to tell you we're three hours from planetfall.

CHENI:
Really? Then that planet... there must be our destination, is that right?

DUKHIN:
Er, yes, I believe that is Cawdor, yes. Although I'm not exactly an expert...

CHENI:
You surprise me.

DUKHIN:

I do, Imperial Highness?

CHENI:

No, not Highness. Qatreem. I'm not your Empress on this trip, I'm Qatreem Voss. I type sixty-five words a minute and brew excellent tea.

DUKHIN:

Of course.

CHENI:

Final negotiations are important, but I never get to see them properly, I always put everyone on edge. This way I get to have a presence without having a presence.

DUKHIN:

Yes, Ma'am. Not Ma'am, I mean, what do I mean...

CHENI:

I've no idea. Look, don't worry about it. Tell Vincol I'll be up soon. Just a few more minutes alone with the galaxy.

DUKHIN:

Right.

CHENI:

You should probably keep up the honorifics with him. I imagine he's the sort who rather likes them.

DUKHIN:

(STIFFLING A SNIGGER) Yes, Ma'... (COUGHS) Qatreem.

(HE MARCHES BACK TO THE LIFT.)

3. INT. WRATH FLAGSHIP

(BUILT FROM COMPONENTS NEVER MEANT TO FIT TOGETHER. INDUSTRIAL SOUNDS: METAL SCREECHES ON METAL, GEARS GRIND, STEAM HISSES.

MYRIAD VOICES, LIKE A RECORDING IN A CROWDED ROOM. THE 'WRATH' ARE A GESTALT MIND, EACH LINKED TO THE GREATER WHOLE. THIS WORDLESS BUZZ ALWAYS ACCOMPANIES THEM.)

WRATH:
Course plotted Lord Deliverer Tenebris.

TENEBRIS
(HOARSE, CROAKING) How long to our destination?

WRATH
Arrival at target: thirteen hours.

TENEBRIS:
The Pulse batteries?

WRATH:
Charging.

TENEBRIS:
Inform me when we're in range. I shall be in the Pulse Chamber.

WRATH:
Tenebris be praised.

TENEBRIS:
So close now, to the Empire's heart.

(HE LEAVES AS CONTROLS ARE MANIPULATED)

4. EXT. BLASTED HEATH (CAWDOR)

(BLEAK. BARREN. LOW, WHISTLING BREEZE.

THE TARDIS MATERIALISES. THE DOCTOR EMERGES.)

DOCTOR:

What? That looks like the Valloreides Constellation. Strange...

(SOMETHING HISSES. ACCOMPANIED BY LOTS OF SLITHERING.)

DOCTOR:

(OBLIVIOUS) Surely it can't be Valloreides. That's light-years away from Gadarel Prime. I programmed the TARDIS precisely...

(MORE SLITHERING - APPROACHING.)

DOCTOR:

You've not been rebelling against me again have you old girl? I know the last time we were in this sector you weren't exactly treated agreeably, but -

(SLITHERING - AND SNAPPING TEETH!)

DOCTOR:

Ow! Saw-Toothed Dremareels! Ow! My blessed bones! Why did it have to be Dremareels?

(THE SNAKE-LIKE DREMAREELS ATTACK)

DOCTOR:

Ah. Stay back! Ouch! Get off me!

(MANY HOOVES APPROACHING.)

ATHRID (OFF):

Crossbows! Fire!

(CROSSBOWS TWANG! A DREMAREEL IS SKEWERED, IT SHRIEKS! THE OTHERS SLITHER AWAY. THE HORSES STOP. THE DOCTOR BRUSHES HIMSELF DOWN.)

DOCTOR:

Ah, thank you, sir. I had those Dremareels on the run, of course, but I'm always grateful for a little help.

(A RIDER DISMOUNTS, MEDIEVAL ARMOUR CLANKING.)

ATHRID:

Who are you?

DOCTOR:

A stranger. Just visiting this charming planet of yours. Which charming planet would that be, incidentally?

ATHRID:

Don't try to deceive me, outworlder. This is Cawdor – as you well know. (TO HIS MEN) Bind his wrists, clan-brothers! We'll take him back with us. He may be worth something.

DOCTOR:

What? But – now, just wait a [moment] –

(THUMP! THE DOCTOR'S KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS.)

5. EXT. NOMAD CAMP (CAWDOR)

(CAMPFIRE CRACKLING. HORSES ARRIVE. NOMADS DISMOUNT.)

ATHRID:

Woah. Right, put the prisoner down carefully. We want him in good shape, for the ransom –

(OLERIK STOMPS TO MEET HIM.)

OLERIK:

What's this? Out all night then when you roll up you've another flamin' mouth to feed. (SPITS INTO THE FIRE) What've you dragged home this time?

ATHRID:

An outworlder, mother of my brood.

OLERIK:

An outworlder? Don't look like any outworlder I've ever seen.

ATHRID:

If not for me, those Dremareels would be feasting on his guts this very moment.

OLERIK:

Which would have been bad because..?

ATHRID:

He may be of value.

OLERIK:

'Maybe'? Maybe? Maybe ain't good enough, Athrid. Let's kill him and take his stuff. Not the coat, obviously.

ATHRID:

He lives til I say, woman. This is my clan, you obey me. He's worth more to us alive than dead.

OLERIK:

(SNORTS) Fine. Okay. He lives. What's your ingenious scheme then, father of my brood. We're all dying to hear it.

ATHRID:

You know the way of the outworlders, Olerik. The life of a comrade's worth more to them than a dozen storbeck calves. They'll pay a fat ransom for this one's return.

OLERIK:

Really?

ATHRID:
Aye.

OLERIK:
Take his gag off.

(THE DOCTOR SPLUTTERS AS IT'S REMOVED.)

DOCTOR:
Ah, why thank you madam. So glad someone around here can be reasonable. Perhaps if you could untie me, I could -

OLERIK:
Shut up.

DOCTOR:
(SIGHS) Right you are. So no-one around here can be reasonable.

OLERIK:
Where's he from?

ATHRID:
Where's he - ? What are you talking about, woman? I told you. He's an outworlder.

OLERIK:
Don't be soft, Athrid. Ain't you got it yet? Not all outworlders are the same. If he's some random bloke, he ain't going to be worth a thing to us. We should just do him in now.

DOCTOR:
What? Er, Madam, you're quite right to say we offworlders come in a wide variety of guises. A good point, well made. But let me reassure you that in this particular case I am indeed one of those you seek.

OLERIK:
You are?

DOCTOR:
Oh, absolutely, yes. Indisputably.

OLERIK:
Right. And who are these people we seek exactly?

DOCTOR:
Who are - ? Who are... Well, if you really want me to be specific, I suppose I could - um...

OLERIK:
See? Lying. He ain't from the Empire. Run him through and have done with it...

DOCTOR:
No!

ATHRID:
No! I'm taking this man to the castle -

OLERIK:
Don't you ever think? Listen here...

NOMAD:
(SHOUTS) LOOK!

(THERE'S A RUMBLE — LIKE THUNDER OR A POWERFUL, DISTANT ENGINE, RISING UP AND AWAY. THE CHATTER AMONG THE NOMADS RISES! THE CROWD GOES WILD!)

NOMADS:
In the heavens! / The fire — as they promised! / It burns like the sun!

DOCTOR:
My word! A rocket launch?

ATHRID:
You see that light burning up into the sky, outworlder? The clans of Cawdor have taken the fire of the gods! Now the stars themselves will tremble!

OLERIK:
Cut it out, Athrid. It's a rocket. No need to get so flamin' messianic.

DOCTOR:
Not built on this planet, I assume. I mean, no offence, but you're positively medieval. I doubt you could manufacture even the simplest interplanetary vessel without assistance.

ATHRID:
The rocket's a gift. From the outworlders.

OLERIK:
The clan-lords have been trumpeting about it for weeks, good to see they weren't talking out of their hats.

DOCTOR:
A gift?

OLERIK:
A reward. To Cawdor for its Galdrium deposits.

DOCTOR:

Ah, Galdrium, yes of course, quite a valuable commodity.

ATHRID:

So the outworlders say. And in return, they offer all the tools and knowledge their Empire can provide. A ring of steel in the heavens, and a fiery carriage to bear our bravest there.

OLERIK:

You never stop, do you?

DOCTOR:

Or a space-station and a rocket, to put it less esoterically.

ATHRID:

If you like.

DOCTOR:

And just so we're all quite clear: which Empire is it again?

ATHRID:

Which - ? The Drashani Empire.

DOCTOR:

(RUEFUL) It seems I'm not so far off course after all.

6. INT. PULSE CHAMBER (WRATH FLAGSHIP)

(FILLED WITH MIRRORS AND PRISMS. THE GLASS HUMS AND SINGS, LIKE CRYSTAL WINEGLASSES VIBRATING. HIGH ABOVE, POWER SPARKS AND FIZZES. CONSOLE CONTROLS ARE MANIPULATED)

WRATH:

Approaching objective: planet Cawdor.

TENEBRIS:

I'll assume command. Bring me my mask.

WRATH:

Yes, Lord Deliverer.

(TENEBRIS DONS A FACEMASK. CLIPS AND HOOK FASTEN. HE DRAWS A FEW BREATHS – RESPIRATION'S EASIER, HIS VOICE NO LONGER RASPS.)

WRATH LEADER:

Strike force 30,000 kilometers from target. Pulse batteries forty minutes to optimal charge.

WRATH:

Orbital platform and multistage launch vehicle detected.

TENEBRIS:

What? Cawdor's a millennium away from that technology.

WRATH:

Additional information: interstellar vessel detected.

TENEBRIS:

A Drashani starcruiser?

WRATH:

Confirmed. Power-source: type four Praxis Valve.

TENEBRIS:

(BEAT) Target the space-station. Frighten the Empire's bureaucrats into flight, then seize their vessel and take its Praxis Valve. It will be simplicity itself.

WRATH:

As you command, Lord Deliverer Tenebris.

(CONTROLS ARE MANIPULATED.)

7. EXT. COURTYARD (CAWDOR CASTLE)

(CASTLE KEEP, DOMAIN OF MERCHANTS, FARMERS, PEASANTS. THE BUSTLE OF TRADING. FARM ANIMALS BLEAT AND CLUCK.)

DOCTOR:

So this is Cawdor Castle, eh? Your world's council seat?

ATHRID:

Aye.

DOCTOR:

I can't imagine you nomads have much to do with cosseted city folk.

ATHRID:

They've got their uses.

DOCTOR:

Negotiating with off-world empires, for example?

ATHRID:

The outworlders are in here somewhere. I shall find them, collect the ransom and return to my clan.

DOCTOR:

You want rid of me already? You really know how to flatter a chap, don't you Athrid?

ATHRID:

Eh?

DOCTOR:

Well, I am nonetheless grateful you got me away from that bloodthirsty wife of yours, I don't think she had my best interests at heart.

ATHRID:

She's a fine woman.

DOCTOR:

I'm sure she is, I can't have seen her best side, she must be terribly charming at dinner parties...

ATHRID:

She won't be happy if I come back empty handed.

DOCTOR:

And you won't. If it's the Gadarel Empire. There's definitely a diplomatic party here?

ATHRID:

One of their carriages flew overhead a few hours past. They are here.

DOCTOR:

To witness the inaugural voyage of their rocket to the space station, I assume. Which would mean they'll be in the vicinity of mission control. Hmm... Why don't we try down there?

ATHRID:

(SNIFFS) That's an old crypt.

DOCTOR:

Yes. But how many old crypts do you know with a wide array of parabolic reflecting aerials on the outside?

ATHRID:

Para-what?

DOCTOR

Just trust me on this one, will you, there's a good fellow... I think this is where we'll find your outworlders.

(THEY WALK.)

8. INT. MISSION-CONTROL CATACOMBS (CAWDOR CASTLE)

(BUSTLING EFFICIENCY. CAPE CANAVERAL, 1963 — RELOCATED TO AN ECHOING MEDIEVAL CRYPT.)

ASTRONAUT (RADIO DISTORT):

Attempting docking lock with space-station, Cawdor Control.

TEESHA:

Confirmed, Pilum Alpha.

BORITZ:

On my mark, Pilum Alpha. Three... two...

(APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS.)

BORITZ:

Who the hell are - ?

ATHRID:

Athrid! Clan-father of the Tar'khut! Take me to the outworlders city dweller or you will taste the keen edge of my blade!

(SWORD DRAWN FROM SHEATH.)

DOCTOR:

Or maybe not. Athrid — please! Put your sword away! I do apologise for my friend, he skipped breakfast this morning, he's not in the best of moods.

ASTRONAUT (RADIO DISTORT):

Cawdor Control? What's going on?

TEESHA:

Hold position, Pilum Alpha. Things are a bit confused down here.

DOCTOR:

I do apologise for the intrusion. An orbital spaceshot's Mission-Control, eh? Deep beneath a medieval crypt... you think you've seen it all, then something like this comes along! Cawdor ground-crew, trained by Drashani engineers, I presume?

BORITZ:

Somebody get these two out of here!

DOCTOR:

I thought as much. Perhaps you'd be kind enough to inform the imperial delegation of our presence?

BORITZ:

Now listen, I'm Mission Controller Boritz, and I -

DOCTOR:
I will be welcome, I assure you.

TEESHA:
I'm calling security...

ATHRID:
Doctor, you said -

DOCTOR:
Oh, if I must. Perhaps this will ease my passage...

(HE FUMBLES IN HIS POCKETS, PULLS SOMETHING OUT. PERHAPS A TWINKLY SOUND EFFECT, JEWELLERY GLISTENING?)

TEESHA:
(GASPS) It's beautiful!

BORITZ:
What's - ?

DOCTOR:
The Royal Carcanet of the Drashani Empire, centrepiece of Aliona's wedding jewellery. If you could tell the Drashani I have it, it might prove conducive.

ATHRID:
You had that on you all the time? Dammit, Olerik was right, I should've robbed you and left you to the Dremareels.

(BEAT)

TEESHA:
Shall I contact Chief Advocate Vincol, sir?

BORITZ:
Yes. This is above my pay grade.

9. INT. VINCOL'S CHAMBERS (CAWDOR CASTLE) – DAY

(CORK POPS)

CHENI:
More wine, Advocate?

VINCOL:
Please.

(SHE POURS)

CHENI:
Doctor?

DOCTOR:
No thank you. You know, you look rather familiar to me, have we met?

CHENI:
I don't think so. Wine, Mr Athrid?

ATHRID:
Wine? The drink of effete scribblers, woman. A real man drinks ale. Vast foaming flagons of ale!

CHENI:
That's a no then is it?

ATHRID
(BEAT) Actually, I will have another, this isn't half bad. Particularly when served by such a dainty wench. Ha!

CHENI:
Oh, er... thank you...

(SHE POURS)

VINCOL:
Really, does this... thing have to be here all the time?

DOCTOR:
Oh, apologies, Advocate Vincol. My, er, acquaintance isn't used to high society. I'd say he's barely aware of low society.

VINCOL:
Well, seeing as he's at least partially responsible for the return of the Carcanet I suppose I can extend to him some hospitality. Tradition dictates its bearer be afforded all honour and respect.

ATHRID:
Good.

DOCTOR:
Then I'm glad I brought it.

CHENI:
It's so beautiful. Poor Aliona must have looked an angel when she wore it.

DOCTOR:
(UNCONVINCED) If you say so. Vincol, the nomads tell me you're negotiating with Cawdor's Council for minerals. Galdrium, in particular. Is this true?

VINCOL:
We're offering a fair price. Exclusive mining rights in return for advanced technology and Imperial protection.

ATHRID:
Keep your protection, we'll settle for your toys and trinkets.

DOCTOR:
I imagine negotiations are going to fly by.

VINCOL:
We've gifted them the space-station, and the rocket. We've been training their astronauts and engineers for several months. They're progressing centuries in the tiniest amount of time.

DOCTOR:
I know. And I'm not entirely sure I'm happy about that. Who's ruling the Empire these days?

VINCOL:
(BEAT) Her most Royal Empress Cheni Gadarel.

DOCTOR:
Cheni Gadarel? Tuvold's daughter?

CHENI:
Tuvold?

VINCOL:
Er, yes, she was crowned three decades ago. When she was little more than a baby.

DOCTOR:
So I'm here thirty years later than I'd intended. Could be worse.

(ATHRID GLUGS HIS WINE, SLAMS DOWN HIS GOBLET.)

ATHRID:
More wine, girl!

(HE SWATS CHENI'S BEHIND. SHE YELPS. HER TRAY CRASHES, GLASS SHATTERS!)

ATHRID:
Clumsy wench!

(HE GRABS HER. SHE STRUGGLES.)

CHENI:
How dare -! Get off me! Vincol!

VINCOL:
What? Keep your hands off her. Qatreem Voss is my personal assistant!

CHENI:
Vincol! Help me!

ATHRID:
Ha! See her struggle!

(CHENI THRASHES. VINCOL GETS VERY GARY COOPER. DRAWS A BLADE, WHICH FIZZES AND CRACKLES WITH LETHAL ELECTRICITY.)

VINCOL:
Release her. Or my meson-bodkin will burn out your heart.

ATHRID:
Are you mad? You'd go to war for a scivvy? Pity you're about to die, outworlder, you've grit, I might've liked you.

(THEIR BLADES TAP. THINGS ARE ABOUT TO KICK OFF.)

DOCTOR:
Let's all relax shall we? There are times I feel I'm the only civilised being left in this scruffy galaxy! Athrid, put the young lady down and apologise.

ATHRID:
Hmmmph.

VINCOL:
He told you to apologise, barbarian!

DOCTOR:
That appears to be an electrical dagger, Athrid, retreat might be advantageous.

ATHRID:

(BEAT) Very well. I apologise.

(HE RELEASES HER)

VINCOL:

I should run you through for this!

CHENI:

Vincol, Vincol, it's alright. I'm not hurt.

VINCOL:

But Qatreem —

CHENI:

(INSISTENT) I'm alright.

VINCOL:

As you wish. (RESHEATHES HIS BLADE) Though perhaps it would be wise if you left us?

CHENI:

Thank you, Vincol, but I'll stay.

VINCOL:

If you insist.

DOCTOR:

(SLIGHTLY PUZZLED) Yes. Well, as long as we're all where we should be. Vincol. Tell me more of Cheni Gadarel.

10. INT. MISSION-CONTROL CATACOMBS (CAWDOR CASTLE)

TEESHA:

Crew transfer complete. All astronauts aboard Space-Station V-24. All systems reading top of the line.

(GROUND-CONTROL TEAM CHEER!)

BORITZ:

Mission accomplished! Great work everybody! Say what you like about the Drashani – when it comes to hardware, they know their

-

TEESHA:

Wait.

BORITZ:

What?

TEESHA:

Got a new reading. Some kind of energy pulse...

11. INT. VINCOL'S CHAMBERS (CAWDOR CASTLE)

VINCOL

Cheni was crowned during the Succession of Blood.

DOCTOR:

The Succession of Blood, eh? An evocative epithet for such a messy episode, though undeniably apt. Do continue.

VINCOL:

When House Sorsha was wiped out and the heirs lost on Sharnax, the Empire almost tore itself apart in a mass of in-fighting.

DOCTOR:

Well, yes. I had intended to return rather earlier, but you know how things get in the way.

VINCOL:

But too many people wanted peace. They knew Kylo and Aliona had died pursuing that dream and didn't want to grant the traitors victory. The saboteurs and murderers were rooted out and a truce was signed out of respect for the sacrifice.

DOCTOR:

Sacrifice? Yes. And so Cheni was made Empress?

VINCOL:

She was the sole heir of Gadarel. And she's ruled ever since. She's a noble monarch - compassionate and enlightened. The people adore her. But for the war, this would be a Golden Age.

CHENI:

(SOTTO) Your patriotism's running away with you, Chief Advocate.

ATHRID:

Hmmph. She sounds dull.

DOCTOR:

'But for the war?' Forgive my pedantry, Vincol... but if the clash between the Empire's Great Houses ended thirty years ago - what war?

VINCOL:

(BEAT) I'm really not sure I should be telling you this, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Royal Carcanet, remember.

ATHRID:

Honour and respect!

VINCOL:

But you still haven't explained your ownership of that. The Carcanet was thought lost with the late Princess' galley many years ago. I'd love to know how it came to be in your possession.

DOCTOR:

Ah, well, thereby hangs a tale, Chief Advocate, thereby hangs a tale. Sorry to say, I was present at the tragedy of Sharnax.

VINCOL:

But we thought everyone was lost, both on the galley and the rescue ship.

DOCTOR:

Indeed they were. Brave men and women all. I was the sole survivor. Before I departed, the late Ambassador Tuvold told me to take the Carcanet as a Royal Warranty. For when I stopped by the Empire again.

CHENI:

You knew Tuvold?

DOCTOR:

Not well. Our companionship was regretfully brief. A fine man nonetheless, with great courage. He did a lot for peace that day, I promise you that.

CHENI:

He - ?

VINCOL:

(SHUSHING, LIGHTLY) Qatreem! Er, Doctor, as I say it is traditional the bearer of the Carcanet is afforded respect and honour within the Empire.

DOCTOR:

Excellent.

VINCOL:

But the Succession of Blood has long been a mystery to our people.

DOCTOR:

Really? But Tuvold said there'd be recordings on the shuttle. A black box of some sort -

VINCOL:

Nothing was recovered. The ship's recorder was damaged by fire.

DOCTOR:

Ah. Well, that would make sense, I suppose.

VINCOL:

House Sorsha destroyed, House Gadarel triumphant, the heirs on both sides dead and the Carcanet missing. Now you tell me you were present when it occurred.

DOCTOR:

Yes, I can see how that could be misinterpreted.

VINCOL:

How can I be certain you didn't murder Kylo and Aliona then take her jewellery as payment?

DOCTOR:

What, and hang on to it for thirty years before turning up and waving it around at an inopportune moment? Oh, don't be ridiculous Vincol, think about it! I can explain.

VINCOL:

You'd better.

(DUKHIN BURSTS IN - BREATHLESS.)

DUKHIN:

Chief Advocate!

CHENI:

(STARTLED) Dukhin?

VINCOL:

May I introduce Dukhin Stubbs? One of my delegation's Junior Consuls. (POINTED) A very Junior Consul. What are you -

DUKHIN:

Sorry to intrude, Advocate. There's a problem.

DOCTOR:

What kind of problem?

DUKHIN:

I've come from Mission-Control. Something's happening to the space-station!

12. INT. MISSION-CONTROL CATACOMBS (CAWDOR CASTLE)

(TENSION'S HIGH. AN ELECTRONIC BACKGROUND HOWL, INCREASING IN PITCH.)

TEESHA:

Space-Station V-24? Can you hear me? What's happening up there?

ASTRONAUT (RADIO DISTORT):

Garvik here, Control! It's on all our instruments, we can't block the signal! Barzil and Tregol are down. You've gotta help!

(THE DOCTOR AND THE DRASHANI DIPLOMATS BARREL IN.)

DOCTOR:

Sorry we're late. What have we missed?

BORITZ:

Something's attacking the space-station.

TEESHA:

We thought it was a natural phenomenon at first. But it looks like an energy beam.

DUKHIN:

An energy beam? Advocate, do you think it's - ?

VINCOL:

(URGENT) Quiet, Dukhin!

TEESHA:

Whatever it is, it's affecting the crew. Five of them are down, we've no idea if they're unconscious or dead.

DOCTOR:

You seem to know what you're doing, young lady. What's your name?

TEESHA:

Teesha.

DOCTOR:

Good to meet you, Teesha, let's have a look at your readings.

(THE ELECTRONIC HOWL STEPS UP A NOTCH. EAR-PIERCING! THE DOCTOR TWIDDLES CONTROLS.)

DOCTOR:

This equipment's a bit primitive, isn't it? Are you measuring radionuclides? Ah, here we are. (BEAT, THEN HORRIFIED) Oh.

ASTRONAUT (RADIO DISTORT):
Get us out of here!

TEESHA:
Can you save them? What do we do?

DOCTOR:
I'm sorry.

DUKHIN:
We can't just let them die!

DOCTOR:
It's too late. This radiation's like nothing I've ever seen.
Your astronauts are already lost.

ASTRONAUT (RADIO DISTORT):
Control! Help us! Please!

(THE ELECTRONIC HOWL INTENSIFIES AGAIN. THE ASTRONAUT SCREAMS,
DISTORTED HORRIBLY. THEN HIS SCREAM STOPS DEAD. THE ELECTRONIC
HOWL CUTS OFF TOO. THERE'S A MOMENT OF SILENCE.)

BORITZ:
What was that? Someone, anyone - what just happened?

DOCTOR:
I don't know. Whatever this beam is, it's remarkably strong.
(GASPS) It's causing a temporal backwash! No wonder I didn't
land where I expected to. This thing's powerful enough to knock
my ship thirty years and seventy parsecs off course.

TEESHA:
(QUIET) And kill a dozen men.

DOCTOR:
That too, yes.

BORITZ:
(DEEP BREATH) Chief Advocate Vincol - on behalf of Cawdor's
High Council, I formally call upon the Drashani Empire to meet
its treaty commitments and offer the protection you pledged our
world.

VINCOL:
The - ? I'm sorry. That won't be possible. The treaty's
revoked.

DUKHIN:
What? Sir! We can't [just] -

BORITZ:

That thing's wiped out everyone on the space-station. Who knows what's next?

VINCOL:

You have my sympathies, but it's not our concern. Dukhin, find Qatreem - get her to the landing-site. We need to be in the warpstream, and heading for Gadarel Prime within the hour.

BORITZ:

You treacherous -

VINCOL:

We choose our battles, Mission-Controller. I'm sorry. If you knew what we know, you'd do the same. Take my guards, Dukhin. Keep Qatreem safe.

DUKHIN:

Sir!

(DUKHIN HURRIES AWAY. STOPS, JUST BEFORE HE EXITS.)

DUKHIN:

We should tell them what they're facing, sir.

(HE'S GONE.)

DOCTOR:

What did he mean by that?

VINCOL:

Excuse me.

(HE LEAVES)

13. INT. CATACOMBS CORRIDOR (CAWDOR CASTLE)

(VINCOL WALKS. THE DOCTOR HURRIES TO CATCH UP.)

DOCTOR:

Advocate Vincol? What is it you're not telling me?

VINCOL:

I'm busy, Doctor. I must supervise my delegation's departure.

(THE DOCTOR CATCHES UP. THEY WALK TOGETHER.)

DOCTOR:

Whatever happened in orbit's rattled you. Dukhin was about to say something back there. You stopped him. Why?

VINCOL:

It doesn't matter. It wouldn't make any difference now. Excuse me.

DUKHIN (APPROACHING):

He's afraid, Doctor. So am I. So's every Drashani on Cawdor.

VINCOL:

I told you to escort Qatreem to the shuttle, Dukhin.

DUKHIN:

She's safe. On her way to the landing-site with a contingent of Archers. You should tell him about the Wrath, sir.

DOCTOR:

The Wrath? Singular or plural? Abstract or concrete noun?

VINCOL:

One more word, Consul, I'll maroon you on this planet!

DUKHIN:

The Wrath are at war with us, Doctor. They want our Empire eradicated from the cosmos.

VINCOL:

Dukhin – get back to the shuttle! I'll deal with you later.

DUKHIN:

No sir.

VINCOL:

No?

DUKHIN:

They have to know what's happening. If I can't tell them while you're here, I'll have to stay behind when you're gone.

VINCOL:

You're a junior diplomatic Consul, Dukhin. A nobody. Don't throw your life away on a gesture.

DUKHIN:

It's my decision, sir. Please convey my regrets to Qatreem when you're clear, I'm sorry I failed her.

VINCOL:

You - gah!

(VINCOL STOMPS OFF.)

DOCTOR:

That was brave.

DUKHIN:

Or stupid. Come on. I'll tell you what I know of the Wrath. And the Acheron Pulse.

14. INT. PULSE CHAMBER (WRATH FLAGSHIP)

(CONTROLS ARE MANIPULATED.)

WRATH:

Drashani shuttle leaving Cawdor, Lord Deliverer.

TENEBRIS:

Fleeing to their homeworld. Prepare an attack squadron. Hold until they rendezvous with their starcruiser. Then run them to ground.

WRATH:

Tenebris be praised.

(MORE CONTROLS.)

15. INT. GREAT HALL (CAWDOR CASTLE)

(CROWDED. MURMUR OF ANTICIPATION.)

DOCTOR:

Quiet down everyone! Quiet down! Junior Consul Dukhin has something to say. I'm afraid it isn't good news.

(EVERYONE GOES SILENT.)

DUKHIN:

Um. Hello everyone.

DOCTOR:

Take it slowly, eh? One thing at time. Start with the energy that blasted the space-station.

DUKHIN:

Yes... we've seen it before. The Drashani Empire, I mean. We call it the Acheron Pulse. It's a psychic weapon.

ATHRID:

A weapon? Cawdor's under attack?

DUKHIN:

The Pulse is controlled by a race we know only as the Wrath. They're led by a masked warlord – Tenebris. They first struck five years ago, we don't know where they came from, it's said they were oppressed and butchered by the Empire. Now they want revenge.

BORITZ:

Well, good luck to 'em. What's it got to do with us?

DUKHIN:

They're carving through Drashani space, making for our capital. You're in their way.

BORITZ:

How can we fight them?

DUKHIN:

You can't. We brought this on you. I'm sorry...

TEESHA:

Sorry? You're sorry?

DOCTOR:

That's enough Dukhin. You can sit down now.

ATHRID:

If a storm looms, I must return to my clan. The nomads will gather! We will sing songs of war!

DUKHIN:

You'll die. You'll all die.

ATHRID:

Nonsense! The Tar'khut are the fiercest warriors on —

DOCTOR:

— Cawdor. Yes, no doubt you are. But the foe you face isn't from Cawdor. Dukhin's right.

BORITZ:

What should we do?

DOCTOR:

If the Drashani and their technology were still here you might have put up a struggle, but from what I've seen your swords and bows are going to be next to useless. I'd advise surrender.

ATHRID:

Surrender? Pah! You tremble like a shorn storbuck calf. The wolves of Tar'khut do not yield! (HE GETS UP, KNOCKING OVER HIS CHAIR) While you politicians cower, my clan will prepare for battle! Out of my way!

(HE EXITS — LOUDLY.)

DOCTOR:

I was afraid he'd do that... Boritz, get your mission control team out of here. If the Wrath hate the Drashani as much as Dukhin says, they might be viewed as collaborators and we wouldn't want that.

BORITZ:

Alright.

DOCTOR:

But if you and Teesha could stay behind, I'd be terribly grateful, I think I'm going to need all the help I can get.

TEESHA:

Understood.

DOCTOR:

The rest of you... offer as little resistance as you can, do nothing to provoke them. You're not their target here, remember that. It's the only chance we've got.

16. INT. OBSERVATION DECK (DRASHANI STARCUISER)

(LOW THRUM OF POWERFUL ENGINES.)

CHENI:

Cawdor's so tiny from this distance. So vulnerable. You might almost believe it doesn't matter. Almost.

VINCOL:

They might survive, your Highness. If they don't resist. The Wrath aren't interested in Cawdor. We're the ones they hate.

CHENI:

Perhaps. But we shouldn't have abandoned them.

VINCOL:

I did what I had to do.

(BEAT)

CHENI:

Do you know where Dukhin is? I haven't seen him since we launched.

VINCOL:

He chose to remain on Cawdor, your Highness. He asked me to pass on his regrets, I'm afraid it slipped my mind.

CHENI:

He stayed? How very noble. Brings to mind the bravery of Kylo himself, don't you think?

VINCOL:

If you say so, Ma'am.

(BEAT)

CHENI:

What are those lights?

VINCOL:

Lights, Ma'am?

CHENI:

Those tiny lights, among the stars. They're getting closer.

VINCOL:

Oh no.

17. INT. MISSION-CONTROL CATACOMBS (CAWDOR CASTLE)

(BEEPING INSTRUMENTATION.)

BORITZ:
How close are the Wrath?

TEESHA:
Advance vessels at 30,000 kilometers.

DUKHIN:
That's the range limit of the Acheron Pulse.

DOCTOR:
And their troop transports?

TEESHA:
Moving in formation. Looks like they're going to land.

DUKHIN:
They'll occupy the planet. Make Cawdor a staging post for their invasion of the Inner Worlds – taking them less than sixty parsecs from Gadarel Prime.

BORITZ:
My heart bleeds for you.

DOCTOR:
What are those?

BORITZ:
What are what?

TEESHA:
I see them. Smaller than the main fleet.

DOCTOR:
A squadron of fighters, maybe some boarding pods. They're on another heading.

TEESHA:
They're after something.

DOCTOR:
That single space vessel. There, you see? It's trying to outrun them, but they're faster. They're nearly on it.

DUKHIN:
No! It's the Drashani starcruiser!

18. INT. CHENI'S QUARTERS (STARCRUISER)

(THE SHIP'S UNDER ATTACK! ENERGY WEAPONS THUD AGAINST THE HULL!
A DOOR SWOOSHES OPEN.)

CHENI:
Chief Advocate!

VINCOL:
We're under attack, Ma'am. It's the Wrath. Shields are down to
residual power. You've got to come with me.

CHENI:
We should go the Flight Deck. Be with the crew. They need to
know we're standing [by them] —

(DISTANT EXPLOSIONS!)

VINCOL:
Boarding pods, Ma'am! They've breached the hull! Come with me!
HURRY!

(HE DRAGS HER AFTER HIM. SHE GASPS. THEY RUN.)

19. INT. MISSION-CONTROL CATACOMBS (CAWDOR CASTLE)

DUKHIN:

We have to help them, Doctor! You've a ship, you said?

DOCTOR:

Yes.

DUKHIN:

We've got to get the diplomatic delegation to safety!

BORITZ:

Yeah, right. Save them and forget us!

DUKHIN:

You don't understand. You don't know why they left.

BORITZ:

They're cowards, that's why!

DUKHIN:

No! The Empire protects its subjects. We'd have laid down our lives for Cawdor!

TEESHA:

Well, then why - ?

DUKHIN:

Vincol had a higher priority. Our Empress - Cheni Gadarel.

DOCTOR:

Cheni? What about her?

DUKHIN:

She's with the delegation - she wanted to attend the negotiations incognito.

DOCTOR:

She - ? Of course. Qatreem Voss. Suddenly that altercation with Athrid makes a lot more sense. I thought she looked familiar, it's a family resemblance, she takes after her cousin!

DUKHIN:

Doctor, please!

(PAUSE)

DOCTOR:

Alright.

TEESHA:

Doctor?

DOCTOR:

I made a promise, Teesha. A vow to a dying man. He wanted me to protect his daughter and I have rather failed in my duty until now. I think I may have to mount a rescue attempt.

BORITZ:

A rescue. With just four of us?

DOCTOR:

Yes. Is that a problem?

20. INT. OBSERVATION DECK (STARCRUISER, 'KYLO'S HOPE')

(VINCOL AND CHENI CLATTER ACROSS THE METALLIC DECK. THERE'S A FIREFIGHT AROUND THEM: DRASHANI TROOPERS FIRING LASER LONGBOWS - AS IN 'THE BURNING PRINCE'. EXPLOSIONS!)

VINCOL:

(RUNNING) Hurry, Ma'am! Our troops can't hold the Observation Deck much longer!

CHENI:

(RUNNING) I promise... your courage and sacrifice this day will not be forgotten, Advocate Vincol!

VINCOL:

(RUNNING) Thank you, Ma'am!

(APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS... MARCHING IN UNISON. THE BUZZ OF THE WRATH GESTALT.)

WRATH (OFF):

This vessel is now under the control of the Wrath. All Drashani forces will surrender.

(MORE DRASHANI LASER BOWS. CUT SHORT BY A WRATH FLAMEBOLT! WRATH WEAPONS SHOULD IDEALLY SOUND REMINISCENT OF KYLO'S PYROKINESIS IN 'THE BURNING PRINCE'.)

CHENI:

Emperor's blood! They're not even human! What happened to their faces?

VINCOL:

This way, Ma'am. When your escape pod's clear, the Drashani Navy will pick up your signal. They'll get you back ho[me] -

(WHUMP! A SECTION OF BULKHEAD CRASHES TO THE DECK, VERY CLOSE. THERE'S A VOLLEY OF WRATH FLAMEBOLTS. VINCOL'S HIT, HE FALLS.)

CHENI:

Vincol!

VINCOL:

(IN PAIN) I'm sorry, Ma'am. I failed you.

CHENI:

No! Come on!

(SHE TRIES TO DRAG HIM.)

CHENI:

We've got to get out of here, before [they] -

(THE FIREFIGHT'S OVER; NO MORE LASER BOWS... JUST WRATH FOOTSTEPS
IN UNISON. THEIR GESTALT BUZZES.)

VINCOL:
(IN PAIN) Too late.

WRATH:
Do not move. You are prisoners of the Wrath. If you disobey,
you will die.

CHENI:
(AFRAID) Stay away from us! Don't touch me! Don't [touch me] -

(SHE SCREAMS IN TERROR!)

CLOSING THEME

PART TWO

OPENING THEME

21. EXT. COURTYARD (CAWDOR CASTLE) — DAY

(THE CASTLE KEEP. A RESTLESS CROWD. AND THE BUZZ OF THE WRATH'S GESTALT MIND.)

WRATH:

(ANNOUNCEMENT) Citizens of Cawdor Castle, we are the Wrath! Your world is now under our control. There is no cause for alarm. Our war is with the Drashani Empire. You are not our enemies.

(THE CROWD'S RELIEVED.)

WRATH:

We have identified Drashani sympathizers and other insurgents in this courtyard. They will be dealt with. If in proximity to an insurgent, remain calm and divert your gaze. Direct viewing may cause some retinal damage.

(THE CROWD'S CONFUSED, UNCERTAIN.)

WRATH:

Kill them.

(A BARRAGE OF WRATH FLAMEBOLTS! THE CROWD SCREAMS IN TERROR!)

22. INT. MISSION-CONTROL CATACOMBS (CAWDOR CASTLE) – DAY

(CONTROLS ARE MANIPULATED.)

TEESHA:

There's Wrath landings all over Cawdor, Doctor. They're occupying every population centre.

DOCTOR:

And the attack squadron?

(MORE SWITCHES AND DIALS.)

TEESHA:

It's moving off. It's left the Drashani starcruiser for dead.

DOCTOR:

Map their trajectory. If they've taken prisoners we need to find out where they're going.

TEESHA:

I'll do my best.

(SHE OPERATES CONTROLS)

BORITZ:

I'm glad to see you're so concerned for the Drashani. Pity you didn't care when our astronauts were killed and the Wrath landed.

DOCTOR:

I'm trying to get as many of us through this as I can, Boritz.

DUKHIN:

You said you made a promise, Doctor - to a dying man?

DOCTOR:

I did, yes. To Ambassador Tuvold.

DUKHIN:

Tuvold? Father of the Empress?

DOCTOR:

It was his last wish. I was to keep an eye on his daughter and the Empire. I've been lax in fulfilling my obligations, I had thought to pass by and make amends, but the Acheron Pulse knocked me off course. I've arrived a little too late.

DUKHIN:

I don't understand. You were there? At the Succession of Blood?

DOCTOR:
I was.

DUKHIN:
But you're not old enough.

DOCTOR:
Oh, I'm older than I look, young man. I had a very different face then.

BORITZ:
Sorry, you've lost me.

TEESHA:
What's the Succession of Blood?

DUKHIN:
Our Empire's greatest tragedy. Thirty years ago we were at war with ourselves, two families vying for the throne. Aliona of House Gadarel and Prince Kylo of House Sorsha were to be married, in the hope their union would bring peace. But on the eve of the wedding they were assassinated and House Sorsha was massacred by traitors.

DOCTOR:
(AWKWARD) Yes. Well, that's not exactly how it happened.

DUKHIN:
What do you mean?

DOCTOR:
Well -

(COMPUTER BEEP)

TEESHA:
Doctor. We've got the attack squadron's trajectory... they're heading for the space station.

DOCTOR:
Then if we're to rescue the Empress, that's where we'll find her.

(WRATH ENTER - MARCHING IN PERFECT UNISON. BORITZ, TEESHA AND DUKHIN REACT)

WRATH:
By order of Lord Deliverer Tenebris, you are prisoners of the Wrath. You will not resist.

DOCTOR:
Now, don't panic. Just do as our militaristic friends say.

(CURIOUS) Regimented, featureless, identical. Could be a clone race. But you're not, are you? You're something different. Inside that gestalt mind of yours, there's an inferno of rage boiling away.

WRATH:

You will be silent! Disobey and you will die. Drashani sympathizers and insurgents will die.

DOCTOR:

Oh. Well. We're certainly nothing of that kind.

WRATH:

One of you is a Drashani. He will be dealt with.

DUKHIN:

(NERVOUS) Doctor... I think he means me...

DOCTOR:

Wrath - listen. This man's no threat to you. You don't have to hurt him.

WRATH:

Remain calm and divert your gaze while we execute the Drashani. Direct viewing may cause some retinal damage.

TEESHA:

Doctor! Don't let them kill him!

(THE WRATH GESTALT BUZZES LOUDER.)

DUKHIN:

Help me Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Stop this now!

(WRATH GESTALT REACHES A CRESCENDO - SHATTERED BY -)

ATHRID:

(BESERKER ROAR)

(A COUPLE OF FLAMEBOLTS. A SHORT, BRUTAL CLASH. BODIES HIT THE FLAGSTONES, THE WRATH GESTALT IS SILENCED.)

ATHRID:

I told you, Doctor. These outworlders are not so fearsome.
(RESHEATHES SWORD)

DOCTOR:

Athrid, thank you, your timing was immaculate. I thought you'd gone?

ATHRID:

Why would I? With cheap ale in the courtyard and messengers waiting for coin. One of them can call my clan here, I needn't travel.

DOCTOR:

I suppose not. Dukhin? Are you alright?

DUKHIN:

Er... I think so.

DOCTOR:

Good. Athrid – we're leaving Cawdor Castle. We'd certainly appreciate your sword at our side. Will you join us?

ATHRID:

I'll join you, if we can leave.

DOCTOR:

What do you mean?

ATHRID:

The mother of my brood should have arrived outside but it seems the gates are barred. There are too many of these creatures to get past – even for a warrior of the Tar'khut.

TEESHA:

We're trapped?

BORITZ:

No. No, there might be another way.

DOCTOR:

Really?

BORITZ:

These catacombs, Doctor. They're under every inch of the Castle. Some of the tunnels must lead outside.

DOCTOR:

A fair point. Well, don't just stand there then. Lead on. Chop chop, there's a good chap!

23. INT. STORAGE CELL (SPACE-STATION)

(CRAMPED, METALLIC CELL. VINCOL WAKES WITH A START)

VINCOL:

Ah!

CHENI:

Vincol! You're awake.

VINCOL:

I... oh my... where am I?

CHENI:

Some kind of cell. They brought us here after they broke in. For a moment there I thought you were dead.

VINCOL:

For a moment there, so did I. Well, we're not, that's a start. When their leader arrives, I'll talk with him. Negotiate terms for your release.

CHENI:

I don't think it'll be that simple. When we first heard about the Wrath, I imagined they were primitive savages. But they're not. They have a purpose.

VINCOL:

A purpose?

CHENI:

I was wrong, Vincol. We were all wrong. These Wrath will tear out the heart of our Empire. And we don't even know why.

24. EXT. BLASTED HEATH (CAWDOR) – DAY

(HORSES TROTTING.)

OLERIK:

I don't believe it. The Clans of the Steppe call a council of war, something that hasn't happened for two hundred years and you tell me you're about to prance off on some suicide mission. You're a total idiot Athrid.

ATHRID:

I leave the Tar'khut in your charge, mother of my brood. Lead them to the gathering – await word of my victory. The Doctor and I have a destiny among the stars!

OLERIK:

A destiny among the – ? You are so predictable. He's wrapping you round his little finger, you know that?

DOCTOR:

Oh, not at all, dear lady, not at all. I simply explained to Athrid that the leader of the Wrath, this Tenebris fellow, has no interest in Cawdor. He only cares about his Drashani prisoners.

ATHRID:

So where else would he go, but the space-station where they are held? Should a man wish to be celebrated as the hero who saved Cawdor, he must go there too. A chance to face the invaders' warlord in single combat! How could I refuse?

OLERIK:

You've a one-track flamin' mind.

ATHRID:

For the Tar'khut, blood and glory are prized above all!

OLERIK:

I know. That's why we spend our nights freezing in flamin' tents.

ATHRID:

You go too far, mother of my brood!

DOCTOR:

Perhaps you two could continue this fascinating debate another time? I think I see my TARDIS parked up ahead.

OLERIK:

(UNIMPRESSED) That's your ship?

ATHRID:

I'll recruit a few likely lads to join us, Doctor. We will face down the Wraths' legions – or die in the attempt! (SHOUTS)
There will be blood! There will be glory! There will be songs sung of this day!

DOCTOR:

I sincerely hope they won't be dirges.

ATHRID:

Ha! I like you, Doctor – you have a mordant wit. (SLAPS HIM ON THE BACK)

DOCTOR:

Ooof!

(ATHRID RIDES OFF.)

OLERIK:

(SINCERE) Bring him back safely, Doctor. For me.

DOCTOR:

I'll do my best, Olerik. I promise.

(SHE RIDES OFF AS DUKHIN RIDES UP)

DUKHIN:

Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Oh, Dukhin, hello.

DUKHIN:

Doctor, in Mission Control... you said the Succession didn't happen the way I thought. We were told when Aliona's wedding galley crashed on Sharnax she and Kylo were killed in the escape attempt.

DOCTOR:

Well, that much is true, certainly.

DUKHIN:

Two lovers lost to the Igris.

DOCTOR:

Those poor creatures, no, not quite.

DUKHIN:

So what happened?

DOCTOR:

(BEAT) Aliona murdered Kylo, Dukhin. Chopped off his hand and threw him out of an airlock to plummet to his death. One of the most abhorrent acts of evil I've ever had the misfortune to witness.

DUKHIN:

No.

DOCTOR:

She also ordered the assassination of the entire Royal Family of Sorsha.

DUKHIN:

But... but we sing songs of her. Tell stories. The great doomed romance.

DOCTOR:

There were no witnesses, no survivors, bar me, in such circumstances myths have a habit of developing. (BEAT) I'm sorry, Dukhin. I imagine it's quite a shock.

DUKHIN:

To put it mildly.

DOCTOR:

Well, I fear you'll have to deal with it later. Round up Boritz and Teesha - we leave in ten minutes.

25. INT. CORRIDOR (SPACE-STATION)

(TARDIS MATERIALISES. DOOR OPENS. THE DOCTOR EMERGES ONTO THE SPACE-STATION'S METAL DECK.)

DOCTOR:
End of the line! Everybody out!

(THE OTHERS EMERGE. INCLUDING HALF A DOZEN NOMADS - ARMOUR CLANKING.)

TEESHA:
Amazing!

DOCTOR:
Oh, it's nothing really. Simple transcendental physics and a dematerialisation circuit linked to relative dimensions.

TEESHA:
Not that. That's just a box that's bigger on the inside. I mean this place! Look at it!

DOCTOR:
Ah. Well, I suppose it would be impressive to someone whose race's greatest technical innovation is the spiral staircase.

TEESHA:
Doctor - you don't know what it's like to look up at the stars from an ignorant world. This is what I've dreamed of since I was a girl. A proper space station.

DOCTOR:
Believe me, my dear, the Drashani didn't exactly push the boat out when they gave you this heap. 'Space-Station V-24' indeed! Hardly a name redolent of the mysteries of the cosmos. (BEAT) Is that everyone? Good. Let's be on our way.

(CLOSES THE TARDIS DOOR.)

BORITZ:
Are we safe here? The Wrath are using this place as a prison. Prisons have guards.

DOCTOR:
We're hardly unprotected, Boritz. Athrid's warriors brought enough armour and weapons to sink a battleship.

ATHRID:
(ARMOUR CLANKING) The wolves of Tar'khut will defend your trembling hides. But we are restless - our blades hunger for blood.

DOCTOR:

Let's keep that to a minimum, shall we? Come on. If we're to find the Empress, we need to reach the station's inner hub, that's where she'll be. It's this way...

(NEARBY... AN ANIMALISTIC SNARL.)

DUKHIN:

(WHISPERS, URGENT) Everyone – shush!

ATHRID:

(LOUD) Hold fast!

DOCTOR:

What is it?

DUKHIN:

Round the next corner. Don't you hear it?

(MORE SNARLING AND GROWLING.)

TEESHA:

Animals. Lots of animals.

DUKHIN:

They're not animals. They're Igris.

(A FEW YARDS AHEAD: ELEVEN IGRIS – HUGE FERAL CREATURES – GROWL AND PACE FREELY)

DOCTOR:

Igris! Run!

(THE GROUP TURN AND START TO RUN)

ATHRID:

What? What are you talking about!

DOCTOR:

Don't stand there, just run!

ATHRID:

Pah! Run from mere animals! If this is the route we should take, my wolves of Tar'khut will clear a path through these creatures!

DOCTOR:

Athrid! You can't imagine how dangerous those things are!

ATHRID:

Follow me, men! Let's carve the bones of these gargantuan beasts!

DOCTOR:
Athrid – NO!

(ATHRID'S WARRIORS CHARGE – ROARING WITH BERSERKER FURY! THE IGRIS SEE THEM AND ROAR BACK! THEY CLASH!)

ATHRID:
Feel my sword you – agh – agh!

(HE'S RIPPED APART)

TEESHA:
Athrid!

DOCTOR:
He's dead.

(THE IGRIS CHARGE FOR THEM)

DUKHIN:
They've got our scent!

DOCTOR:
This way, come on!

(THEY RUN OFF, THE IGRIS IN PURSUIT)

26. EXT. HILLSIDE (CAWDOR) – NIGHT

(THE NOMADS' HORSES TROT. OLERIK STOPS, THE OTHERS FOLLOW HER LEAD.)

OLERIK:

Woah! We'll make camp here. It's a long ride through the mountains, we'll – (SHE GASPS)

NOMAD:

Olerik! Are you in pain? (PANIC) Are you with child?

OLERIK:

(TEETH GRITTED) At my age? Don't be ridiculous.

NOMAD:

What's wrong?

OLERIK:

(GASPS) The father of my brood is dead. I felt his heart stop beating as surely as I'd feel my own.

NOMAD:

No! Athrid will return with the severed head of the invaders' chieftain! He shall –

OLERIK:

He's not coming back. The clan's future's on my shoulders now. Well, I won't be found wanting. (DETERMINED) This ain't the time for councils, my clan-brothers! Tomorrow, we return to Cawdor Castle. And war!

(HER NOMADS CHEER!)

NOMADS:

WAR!

27. INT. ENGINEERING DECK (SPACE-STATION)

(VOICES AND BANGING, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF A HEAVY DOOR.)

DOCTOR (MUFFLED):

This door's jammed! Teesha, Dukhin - help me!

(MORE BANGING. DOOR SWINGS OPEN, HYDRAULICS HISSING. THE DOCTOR, DUKHIN AND TEESHA FALL INTO THE ROOM. HOWLS OF WILD IGRIS ARE CLOSE BEHIND!)

DUKHIN:

They're almost on us!

DOCTOR:

Boritz! Hurry up man! Get inside!

(BORITZ JUMPS THROUGH THE DOOR. ANOTHER HISS OF HYDRAULICS, AS IT SLAMS CLOSED. MOMENTS LATER, IGRIS BANG AGAINST IT USELESSLY.)

TEESHA:

You think that door'll hold them?

DOCTOR:

Looks like it. At least the Drashani have learnt from their mistakes there.

TEESHA:

What are those things?

DOCTOR:

The Igris? A slave-race. The Drashani Empire uses them for construction, terraforming... other dangerous physical labour.

BORITZ:

And mining? You brought them to Cawdor to mine our Galdrium?

DUKHIN:

Um. Yes. But we were keeping them confined, I don't see how they could get free...

BORITZ:

Caged 'til you had your treaty signed. In case seeing those... things made the High Council reconsider selling out to you.

TEESHA:

Did you see what they did? They ripped Athrid and his nomads to pieces.

BORITZ:

I hit one right between the eyes with this crossbow, it didn't even blink!

DUKHIN:

This shouldn't be happening.

DOCTOR:

I beg to differ. In my experience, this kind of thing is par for the course where the Igris are concerned.

DUKHIN:

Yes we've had trouble with them in the past. Rebellions when they were angered. But we found a solution.

DOCTOR:

What solution?

DUKHIN:

Punishment collars. They get a psychic shock if they harm a Drashani.

DOCTOR:

That's barbaric.

BORITZ:

Maybe you'd rather they killed us all!

DOCTOR:

I don't know how you've missed it, but that's precisely what they're trying to do!

TEESHA:

Those Igris weren't wearing collars.

DUKHIN:

No. And there's something else.

DOCTOR:

Well, don't keep us in suspense.

DUKHIN:

We only brought three from Gadarel Prime. An advance contingent. There were more than three out there.

DOCTOR:

(PONDERING) Eleven. There were eleven Igris. One short of a dozen...

(A LOW GROWL. AN IGRIS. AND IT'S ON THIS SIDE OF THE DOOR.)

DOCTOR:
Please tell me that was my imagination.

TEESHA:
One of them must have been in here when we locked the door.

DOCTOR:
There – behind the pipes!

DUKHIN:
Emperor's blood...!

BORITZ:
Help me load this crossbow!

(THE IGRIS ROARS! IT CRASHES THROUGH THE PIPES, STEAM SPRAYS!)

28. INT. PULSE CHAMBER (WRATH FLAGSHIP)

(GLASS VIBRATES. WRATH GESTALT BUZZES.)

WRATH:

The Drashani vessel's power-core has been retrieved, Lord Deliverer Tenebris. It will be brought to the flagship.

TENEBRIS:

Excellent. When it arrives, disconnect the Pulse batteries. Replace them with the Praxis Valve.

(AN ALARM SOUNDS.)

WRATH:

There is an intrusion alert on the space-station. Evaluating.
(BEAT) Location: engineering deck.

TENEBRIS:

Find them. Incarcerate them, until the modifications to the Pulse Chamber are complete.

WRATH:

Tenebris be praised.

(WRATH MARCH OFF IN PERFECT STEP.)

29. INT. ENGINEERING DECK (SPACE-STATION)

(STEAM SPRAYING EVERYWHERE. THE IGRIS ADVANCES, SNARLING. BORITZ'S STRAINING TO PULL BACK THE CROSSBOW HE'S CARRYING.)

BORITZ:

Stay out of its way. Soon as this crossbow's loaded, I'll [kill] –

DOCTOR:

That won't work, Boritz, they're practically indestructible! Teesha, look out! It's reaching for you!

(THE IGRIS ROARS, SMASHING MORE PIPING!)

TEESHA:

(SCREAMS!)

DUKHIN:

Teesha!

DOCTOR:

Keep the steam spray between it and us – Try and get for the door on the other side of the room.

(THE IGRIS SNARLS.)

DOCTOR:

Dukhin, stay out of its reach!

(A CLICK!)

BORITZ:

That's it! Crossbow's loaded. Stand back, I'm going to put a bolt through that monster's heart!

(THE IGRIS GOES CRAZY)

DOCTOR:

Of course! Boritz! Drop the crossbow!

BORITZ:

Are you mad?

DOCTOR:

Dukhin said the Igris rebelled when they were provoked! They're not naturally aggressive!

TEESHA:

(SCREAMS, BUFFETED) DOCTOR!

DUKHIN:

Please Doctor – don't let it kill her!

DOCTOR:

It knows you're armed, Boritz! Like the ones outside! They didn't attack first!

BORITZ:

But – !

DOCTOR:

They're animals! They don't have an agenda! They kill to eat, or to defend themselves!

BORITZ:

Well, so do I!

DUKHIN:

(EXPLODING) Put it down!

(DUKHIN SMACKS BORITZ IN THE FACE! HE FALLS, DROPPING THE CROSSBOW. THE IGRIS CALMS.)

DOCTOR:

I should have realised sooner. The Igris on Sharnax had suffered years of monstrous abuse. But this one hasn't yet become so angry and afraid, have you?

(THE IGRIS GROWLS, BUT ALMOST GENTLY)

TEESHA:

(GETTING HER BREATH BACK) Well, that's an improvement. Now what?

DUKHIN:

I can't hear them outside. Maybe they've gone.

TEESHA:

Let's check. Help me with this door, Dukhin...

DUKHIN:

Right-o.

(THE PAIR STRAIN TO OPEN IT.)

DOCTOR:

(OFF) Boritz's stunned. Quite a clout you gave him, Dukhin. I wouldn't have thought you had it in you – just goes to show, one should never judge a bound opuscle by its exterior aspect... He's coming round...

(HYDRAULICS HISS.)

DOCTOR:

(OFF) Oh, you got the door then.

DUKHIN:

That wasn't us.

(THE DOOR SWINGS WIDE. OUTSIDE, THE WRATH GESTALT HUMS.)

WRATH:

Intruders located.

(THEY GRAB TEESHA AND DUKHIN. BOTH STRUGGLE.)

TEESHA:

They've got us, Doctor! Run!

DOCTOR:

(OFF) Don't resist, Teesha! I'll free you both, I promise!
Boritz, come on!

BORITZ:

(OFF, GROGGY) What, eh -

DOCTOR:

(OFF) Quickly, the other door!

WRATH:

Do not move. Disobey and you will die.

(WRATH FLAMEBOLTS FIRE AS THE DOCTOR AND BORITZ RUN FOR THE
OTHER DOOR. IT OPENS)

WRATH:

Stop. Stop.

(THEY'VE GONE)

WRATH:

Two intruders have escaped. Two are captured.

DUKHIN:

I think they mean us.

TEESHA:

Yes. Some rescuers we are.

30. INT. STORAGE CELL (SPACE-STATION)

(DOOR OPENS. DUKHIN AND TEESHA ARE THROWN IN.)

TEESHA/DUKHIN:

Oooof!

WRATH:

You will be confined until Lord Deliverer Tenebris requests your presence. You will not attempt to escape.

TEESHA:

Disobey and we die?

WRATH:

Correct.

TEESHA:

Thought so.

(DOOR SLAMS SHUT.)

TEESHA:

Great.

DUKHIN:

It's so dark. Can you see anything?

VINCOL:

Junior Consul Dukhin?

DUKHIN:

Advocate Vincol? Is that you? Is the Empress with you?

CHENI:

I'm here, Dukhin.

DUKHIN:

Empress Cheni! You survived.

CHENI:

If you call this surviving.

TEESHA:

(SUDDEN DEFERENCE) Very honoured to meet you, your Royalness.

CHENI:

(REGAL) You're very kind.

DUKHIN:

This is Teesha, Ma'am. She's from Cawdor.

TEESHA:

We're sort of... here to rescue you.

VINCOL:

And now you're locked up with us. Well done, both of you.
Sterling work.

TEESHA:

The Wrath captured us. That wasn't actually part of the plan.
But don't worry – the Doctor'll get us out of here. I hope.

31. INT. VENTILATION DUCT (SPACE-STATION)

(THE DOCTOR AND BORITZ CRAWL THROUGH A CRAMPED PIPE.)

BORITZ:
Where are we?

DOCTOR:
A ventilation duct. It's a little cramped, I know. But stick with me, it'll become second nature in no time.

BORITZ:
Are you sure this is the way to your ship?

DOCTOR:
We're not going back to the TARDIS. We're following these wires. They'll take us to the station's Avionics Nexus.

BORITZ:
You're going to get us killed!

DOCTOR:
Screw your courage to the sticking-place, Mission-Controller, and we'll not fail. Well, we might – but it won't be for want of trying. The Avionics Nexus is this station's nerve-centre. From there, we can locate Teesha, Dukhin and the Drashani prisoners.

BORITZ:
You're still planning to rescue their Empress?

DOCTOR:
Well, that is why we're here. Help me with this grille.

(SCREWS AND BRACKETS. THE GRILLE COMES LOOSE, DROPS TO THE DECK BELOW)

DOCTOR:
The Avionics Nexus! Let's get down there, Boritz. Perhaps you could give me a hand...

32. INT. STORAGE CELL (SPACE-STATION)

TEESHA:

If you only brought three Igris on your starcruiser... where did the others come from?

DUKHIN:

I don't know. They're a genetically modified race. They say the creatures they're derived from are found on just one world, deep within the Pherkad Array. Maybe the Wrath learned its location. Enslaved them -

VINCOL:

The Pherkad Array? Ha! Grow up, Dukhin. That's a lie! A story we tell our children, so they can sleep at night. Only a fool'd believe that.

(BEAT)

CHENI:

I believed it, Vincol.

VINCOL:

Ah... Forgive me, Ma'am - I didn't mean - I assumed you knew -

CHENI:

I don't. Tell me.

33. INT. AVIONICS NEXUS (SPACE-STATION)

(THE DOCTOR MANIPULATES CONTROLS.)

BORITZ:

This is the heart of the station's power-grid?

DOCTOR:

(DISTRACTED) Correct. Somewhat basic, but it does the job.

BORITZ:

And if it failed?

DOCTOR:

All systems would abort. Oxygen would stop pumping, heating would shut down. Every door and hatch would seal, you'd be trapped wherever you were in the station. Just... waiting. I imagine you'd probably have a couple of hours before a closed system this size became unable to sustain life in the vacuum. Why do you ask?

BORITZ:

No reason.

DOCTOR:

Aha! According to the schematics, there are supply modules on the inner hub – perfect for storing prisoners. We should – (BEAT) Boritz? Where are you? I thought I told you not to wander off. I usually do.

(INSISTENT TRILLING. THE DOCTOR TAPS A CONSOLE.)

DOCTOR:

Oh, just wait a moment will you? Let me get this blessed headset untangled! (PAUSE) There. Go ahead. (PAUSE) Yes, this is he. To whom am I speaking? (SURPRISED) Olerik?

34. INT. STORAGE CELL (SPACE-STATION)

(CHENI'S NUMB WITH HORROR. VINCOL'S APPALLED BY HIS BLUNDER.)

CHENI:

This is abominable.

VINCOL:

It's not your fault, Ma'am. It was House Sorsha. Their scientists began the experiments long before you were born.

CHENI:

But my family continued them! This was done in my name – I must undo this wrong.

DUKHIN:

Begging you pardon, Ma'am. I don't think you can.

(THE BUZZ OF THE WRATH GESTALT APPROACHES.)

TEESHA:

The Wrath are coming. Tenebris must've summoned us.

VINCOL:

You must continue the deception, Ma'am. You're Qatreem Voss, my aide, remember.

CHENI:

No, Vincol. The time for deception is past. If he hates the Drashani so, perhaps Tenebris can be sated with the life of their Empress. Perhaps he'll let the rest of you walk free.

VINCOL:

I won't allow that, Ma'am.

DUKHIN:

Nor me.

CHENI:

I'm your ruler and I will be obeyed. If that's what it takes, that's what I'll do.

(THE CELL-DOOR'S UNLOCKED.)

WRATH (OFF):

Tenebris requests audience with the Drashani leader. Please identify.

CHENI:

I am [Empress Cheni] – mmmph! (A STRUGGLE) How dare –! Get your hands off me!

(TEESHA'S RESTRAINING HER — CLAMPING A HAND OVER HER MOUTH!)

TEESHA:

(EXERTION) Sorry. Always uppity, this one. Ideas above her station.

VINCOL:

(CONFLICTED) Ah, yes. Absolutely. But perhaps you could be a little more gentle with her...?

(TEESHA ISN'T NOTICEABLY MORE GENTLE.)

WRATH:

Identify your leader. If you disobey, you will all die.

VINCOL:

I'm the leader.

DUKHIN:

I'm the leader too.

WRATH:

You will both accompany us. Tenebris awaits you in this station's Control Room.

(THEY HAUL DUKHIN AND VINCOL OUT. CELL-DOOR SLAMS. TEESHA RELEASES CHENI, BOTH CATCH THEIR BREATH.)

CHENI:

(ANGRILY) What was that?

35. INT. MISSION-CONTROL CATACOMBS (CAWDOR CASTLE)

(DISPLAYS AND CONSOLES BEEPING.)

DOCTOR (RADIO DISTORT):
Olerik – where did you find a radio?

OLERIK:
We've won back the Castle catacombs, Doctor. Many Wrath have died at our hands. The father of my brood would be proud.

DOCTOR (RADIO DISTORT):
The father of your brood. Athrid. Oh, I'm sorry, Olerik. I have bad news. Athrid –

OLERIK:
Fell in battle. I know. I felt him go. Doctor, did he die bravely? Did it mean something?

DOCTOR (RADIO DISTORT):
(LYING) Yes.

OLERIK:
Good. He'd have wanted that. The old fool. (SIGHS) Well, with him gone, I've an insurrection to mount.

DOCTOR (RADIO DISTORT):
You can't defeat the Wrath, Olerik! Don't you understand? They have power you can barely conceive!

OLERIK:
But they die when you run a sword through their hearts, just like anyone else. I'm not here to debate, Doctor – I've got to tell you something. We found some of the mission control crew here in hiding, they showed us this equipment. But they noticed something else. There were explosives missing from the armoury in the catacombs.

DOCTOR (RADIO DISTORT):
What?

OLERIK:
You could only get in with an entry code, and they were all personalised. Doctor. We know who took it.

DOCTOR (RADIO DISTORT):
Who?

36. INT. AVIONICS ANTECHAMBER (SPACE-STATION)

(THE HUM OF POWER-CABLES. A KEYPAD IS PRESSED.)

BOMB (SYNTHESISED VOICE):

Tactical explosive unit primed. Enter override code to disable safety features.

(MORE KEY-PRESSES.)

BOMB:

Override code verified. Mission-Controller Boritz. Safety features disabled. Insert detonator to activate final sequence.

(THE DOCTOR MAKES A CLATTERING, BLUSTERING ENTRANCE!)

DOCTOR:

Boritz! For pity's sake, man – what on earth are you doing!

BORITZ:

The Drashani brought the apocalypse down on Cawdor, Doctor! Only fair I send them to hell too! Why else d'you think I came? Don't imagine you can talk me out of it.

(WHACK! BORITZ FALLS.)

DOCTOR:

I didn't. Not for a moment.

BORITZ:

(GROANS)

DOCTOR:

You know, that's quite unusual for me. I think there's just something about your face that makes people want to hit it. I'll take that detonator, thank you. (HE TAKES IT) On your feet, back into the ventilation system with you.

BORITZ:

You're not leaving me here?

DOCTOR:

I need another pair of hands. I can't open the grilles on my own. Life was much easier when I still had a sonic screwdriver. Actually, I'd settle for a regular screwdriver.

BORITZ:

The Drashani were going to strip-mine Cawdor. They abandoned us to the Wrath. You really think I'm going to help save their Empress?

DOCTOR:

No. But I think you might be willing to save yourself. My priority is getting the Empress off this station. You can come with me and have the faintest chance of survival. Or I can leave you here to face the wrath of the... er, Wrath. Up to you. I take it you'd prefer the former option.

BORITZ:

I... I... Yes. Yes, I suppose I do.

DOCTOR

Good. Then let's be on our way. Give me a boost up, there's a good fellow.

(HE CLAMBERS BACK INTO THE VENTILATION DUCTING.)

37. INT. CONTROL ROOM (SPACE-STATION)

(WRATH MARCH IN - MANHANDLING DUKHIN AND VINCOL.)

WRATH:

Kneel before Lord Deliverer Tenebris. Disobey and you will die.
(BEAT) Slowly.

DUKHIN:

OK, don't push!

(THEY SEE TENEBRIS, GASP)

TENEBRIS:

You are the leaders of the Drashani delegation?

VINCOL:

Of those you left alive, yes.

DUKHIN:

And you're Tenebris? The warlord Tenebris?

TENEBRIS:

That is the name I use.

DUKHIN:

Why do you hate us, Tenebris? What did we do to you?

TENEBRIS:

Do?

DUKHIN:

A hundred worlds, reduced to rubble! It must have some meaning,
some purpose. What do you want?

TENEBRIS:

I want nothing from your Empire. Nothing tangible. Only...
justice.

38. INT. STORAGE CELL (SPACE-STATION)

(TEESHA AND CHENI ARGUE.)

CHENI:

You had no right to stop me. I'm the Empress!

TEESHA:

Not my Empress. To me, you're an over-privileged berk with a death-wish.

CHENI:

How dare you - !

(METALLIC SCRATCHING. A GRILLE CLANGS TO THE DECK. THE TWO WOMEN STOP FIGHTING.)

DOCTOR (OFF, ECHOING):

Hello. Your numbers look a little depleted.

TEESHA/CHENI:

Doctor!

DOCTOR (OFF, ECHOING):

Let's postpone the salutations, shall we? Give me your hands, I'll haul you up here into the ventilation system. Then we can all get off this station.

39. INT. CONTROL ROOM (SPACE-STATION)

VINCOL:

I'm a diplomat, Tenebris. Whatever happened to you, I guarantee the Empire can offer you appropriate compensation.

TENEBRIS:

The Empire made me what I am! Do you think I'd surrender that?

VINCOL:

You said you wanted justice, I thought -

TENEBRIS:

Yes, justice! For those you tore asunder.

VINCOL:

I don't understand...

DUKHIN:

(QUIET) The Igris.

(IGRIS APPROACH - GROWLING. BUT THEY SOUND DOCILE.)

WRATH (OFF):

All Igris have now been located, Lord Deliverer. Those still at liberty will be brought here.

TENEBRIS:

Watch the Igris, Drashani. Now you'll understand.

(A LOW TONE, RISING IN PITCH. A PSYCHIC FORCE - SIMILAR BUT NOT IDENTICAL TO THE ACHERON PULSE. THE IGRIS BECOME AGITATED.)

40. INT. ANOTHER VENTILATION DUCT

(THE DOCTOR LEADS TEESHA, CHENI AND BORITZ ALONG THE PIPE. ALL CRAWLING NOISILY.)

BORITZ:
Come on...

CHENI:
We've got to find the other survivors from my starcruiser. We have to release them before we leave the space-station.

DOCTOR:
When you're safe, I promise I'll come back for them.

CHENI:
No, we free them now!

DOCTOR:
What?

TEESHA:
She's been like this since Vincol told us about the Igris.

DOCTOR:
What about them?

TEESHA:
She thought they were natural. Some unevolved, primitive life-form. But they're not.

CHENI:
Don't tell him!

TEESHA:
When their Empire expanded, the Drashani took prisoners on every new world. Soldiers, rebels, dissidents – anyone who resisted. Their scientists experimented on them.

CHENI:
No...

DOCTOR:
I thought the Igris were a genetically altered species. Are you saying the Drashani created them from their own captives?

TEESHA:
The scientists learned how to regress them to a primordial state, fit for mindless labour. Distilled away their higher brain functions.

DOCTOR:
That's horrible.

TEESHA:
Isn't it.

CHENI:
I'm so sorry...

BORITZ:
Look! Through the grille! Something's happening.

(MUFFLED IGRIS GROWLS, AND THE WRATH GESTALT. THEY STOP CRAWLING)

DOCTOR:
He's right. The Wrath are rounding up the Igris. They're taking them to the main Control Room.

CHENI:
Why?

DOCTOR:
I don't know. But we should find out, I think. We've spent more than enough time in these ventilation pipes, it'll be good to stretch our legs.

BORITZ:
What? But what about your "getting off the station" idea? I liked that...

DOCTOR:
Patience, Mission-Controller. Help me with this grille.

(THEY SCRABBLE WITH SCREWS AND BRACKETS)

41. INT. CONTROL ROOM (SPACE-STATION)

(THE PSYCHIC FORCE IS AT VERY HIGH FREQUENCY. IGRIS SHRIEK IN PAIN!)

DUKHIN:

Tenebris! Stop! The Igris are in agony!

TENEBRIS:

Silence, Drashani! This is the legacy of your imperialism!

(THE PITCH STEPS UP ANOTHER NOTCH.)

42. INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR (SPACE-STATION)

(THE DOCTOR'S PARTY WATCH, UNSEEN. UNLESS NOTED, THEY'RE WHISPERING. IGRIS SHRIEKS CONTINUE, AT A DISTANCE.)

TEESHA:

Was that Dukhin? Is he alright? I can't see anything from here.

BORITZ:

Shush! Don't let them hear you!

DOCTOR:

Dukhin and Vincol appear unharmed. But I can't say the same for the Igris.

CHENI:

That must be Tenebris.

DOCTOR:

He certainly he fits the description.

CHENI:

He's tearing the Igris apart with some psychic force. Those poor creatures!

DOCTOR:

Perhaps.

BORITZ:

What's that? There's some kind of energy around them, in the air.

TEESHA:

I see it. It's making them shimmer.

DOCTOR:

...As though something's forming.

CHENI:

(NOT WHISPERING) It's monstrous! I can't watch this! I've got to stop it!

(SHE MARCHES FORWARD.)

DOCTOR:

Cheni, no!

BORITZ:

Doctor! She'll get us all killed! We've got to get away before the Wrath spot us!

(THE MARCH OF APPROACHING WRATH)

TEESHA:
Too late!

DOCTOR:
(URGENT) Teesha – take this. Keep it safe.

TEESHA:
What is it? A detonator?

DOCTOR:
For Boritz's bomb. I can't risk Tenebris getting hold of it, who knows what he might do.

TEESHA:
Boritz's bomb?

BORITZ:
I was going blow up the Avionics Nexus – cut the power to the life-support. (DEFENSIVE) What? I didn't do it.

DOCTOR:
I'd recommend you both give yourselves up. It's only the Drashani they hate, remember.

TEESHA:
Why, what are you going to do?

DOCTOR (RUNNING OFF):
Cheni's forced my hand rather. I'm going to try to reason with our masked adversary.

(THE MARCH OF APPROACHING WRATH)

WRATH:
Surrender! Or you will be incinerated!

TEESHA:
They've seen us!

BORITZ:
Surrender to them? No chance, there's time, we can still get away, run!

(HE SPRINTS OFF)

TEESHA:
Boritz, don't be a fool!

(WRATH FLAMEBOLTS. BORITZ SCREAMS AND IS INCINERATED)

TEESHA:
Oh, Boritz...

(THE WRATH CLUMP CLOSER)

WRATH:
Surrender. Or you will be incinerated.

TEESHA:
I don't have much choice, do I?

43. INT. CONTROL ROOM (SPACE-STATION)

(THE PSYCHIC WHINE RISES, IGRIS MOAN IN PAIN. CHENI MARCHES IN.)

CHENI (APPROACHING):
Tenebris! Tenebris! Stop this at once!

TENEBRIS:
You? How can it be you?

DUKHIN:
No, your highness, get back, you -

WRATH:
Halt. Or we will destroy you.

(WRATH FLAMEBOLTS)

DUKHIN:
I've halted, I've halted!

CHENI:
I order you to stop this obscenity!

TENEBRIS:
Aliona? Still so young...?

CHENI:
What? No. Aliona was my cousin. I'm Cheni - daughter of Tuvold.

TENEBRIS:
Your cousin? You're the Empress?

CHENI:
And you're a backwater warlord. I demand you release the Igris. I won't see them tortured!

DOCTOR (APPROACHING):
Cheni, please, Tenebris is more dangerous than you know. It would best if you let me deal with him.

TENEBRIS:
What are you, her jester? Going by your attire I assume that's your role in the proceedings.

DOCTOR:
The Wrath call you Lord Deliverer. What did you save them from, I wonder?

TENEBRIS:
You could not begin to imagine.

DOCTOR:

Oh, I'm rather afraid I can. I've been watching your right hand, Tenebris. There's a delay, a microsecond or two, most people wouldn't even notice. It's a cybernetic appliance, isn't it? You know, I met a young Drashani once, quite a temperamental chap - his hand was severed in the skies above Sharnax, I wonder if perhaps you could be related...

TENEBRIS:

(QUIET) Who are you? How could you know this?

DOCTOR:

I'm the Doctor.

TENEBRIS:

The Doctor? But your face... it's... it's changed.

DOCTOR:

(SIGHS) And so has yours. I'd hoped I was wrong.

CHENI:

The Doctor has no authority here, warlord. I do. I ordered you to release the Igris.

TENEBRIS:

Very well.

(THE PSYCHIC TONE BECOMES A HOWL! IGRIS SHRIEK!)

CHENI:

You're killing them! Stop now! Or I'll stop you myself!

DOCTOR:

Vincol, Dukhin, keep her back! Don't let her interfere!

VINCOL:

Ma'am, please!

(HE DRAGS CHENI OFF TO A SAFE DISTANCE. THE SOUNDS OF THE IGRIS ARE FADING.)

CHENI:

Doctor, they're dying! The Igris are dying!

DOCTOR:

I don't think so. The energy around them's taking shape! Becoming alive! Can't you see what's happening?

(IGRIS MOAN AND EXPIRE - DROPPING TO THE DECK HEAVILY.)

DUKHIN:
Emperor's blood! More Wrath!

CHENI:
Forming out of thin air!

DOCTOR:
He's releasing the Igris – precisely as you demanded. Freeing them from their suffering.

CHENI:
What?

DOCTOR:
Isn't that right? Prince Kylo?

CHENI:
Kylo? You're -

TENEBRIS:
Yes. So you do understand, jester. I am glad. Thanks to you, the Empire will know at last the nemesis that scourges their worlds. I am Kylo, last heir of Sorsha. And the Igris are my WRATH!

CLOSING THEME

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

44. INT/EXT. SHUTTLE (CONTROL) – 'THE BURNING PRINCE' REPRISE

(SMASH CUT INTO SCENE 111 -).

ALIONA:

Hold me, Kylo. Please. Hold me. Take me in your arms. I love you.

(PAUSE)

KYLO:

My love.

(KYLO WALKS ACROSS THE ROOM. HOLDS HER. KISSES HER. BREAKS APART)

KYLO:

Oh, my love, my love, what have you done? What have we both done? This war has destroyed us. We are one. We should be one.

ALIONA:

I know.

KYLO:

I love you.

ALIONA:

Love. (BEAT) Ah. Bless.

(WITH A CRY SHE SHOVES HIM INTO THE AIRLOCK. HITS A DOOR CONTROL, THE INNER DOOR SEALS)

KYLO:

(MUFFLED, BANGING AGAINST DOOR) *Aliona! Aliona, what are you doing? Let me out of the airlock!*

ALIONA:

Say hello to your family, my Prince.

(SHE HITS ANOTHER BUTTON. KYLO IS SUCKED OUT OF THE AIRLOCK)

KYLO:

(PLUMMETTING AWAY) *Noooooooooo-!*

CUT TO OPENING THEME

45. EXT. SHARNAX (SWAMP) — 'THE BURNING PRINCE' REPRISE

(FROM SCENE 114 -
STAGNANT POOLS BUBBLE. UNKNOWN CREATURES SCUTTLE AND BELCH.)

KYLO:

(MOANS) *But... I'm alive... I'm... how am I alive... (MOVES)*
Argh! Aliona... I'm hurt... I... I think my leg might be broken...

(A GROWL, SOME WAY OFF.)

Igris! Please... No, I -

(THE SNARLING GETS CLOSER. THE IGRIS APPROACHING EN MASSE. A
PACK SPLINTER THROUGH DRY BRANCHES.)

Stay back!

46. INT. CONTROL ROOM (SPACE-STATION)

(BEGIN WITH A REPRISE OF THE LAST LINE FROM PART TWO:)

TENEBRIS:

So you do understand, jester. I am glad. Thanks to you, the Empire will know at last the nemesis that scourges their worlds. I am Kylo, last heir of Sorsha. And the Igris are my WRATH!

DOCTOR:

I suspected as much. But your appearance here's something of a surprise. I thought you'd fallen to your death thirty years ago on Sharnax.

TENEBRIS:

And I did. Kylo died that day. Why do you think I chose a new name? That sad, unworldly prince is long gone. Now only Tenebris remains.

DOCTOR:

He wasn't sad, he was young. Naive. Used.

TENEBRIS:

He was a fool!

DOCTOR:

There's nothing foolish about love. And you really did love Aliona, didn't you?

TENEBRIS:

(BEAT) It is you, isn't it? The Doctor. But you look so different.

DOCTOR:

Oh my species have a somewhat relaxed attitude towards personal physiognomy. I change my face with remarkable alacrity. (BEAT) How did you survive the fall? Telekinesis?

TENEBRIS:

The secret shame of my family. My dead family. For years, they hid me away, until the war took both my brothers. Then they dispatched me to the altar with my dowry, like a girl. They medicated the fires in my mind. And after years of disgrace... it's my mind that saves me at the end.

DOCTOR:

I saw your power. It was beyond your control.

TENEBRIS:

Aliona dropped me out of an airlock, thirty three thousand feet up. You'd be surprised how quickly that can focus the mind.

47. EXT. UPPER ATMOSPHERE (SHARNAX) – FLASHBACK

(AIR WHIPS AND ROARS! ALMOST BURIED IN THE TORNADE-FORCE GALES, KYLO'S SCREAM FROM SCENE 111 OF 'BURNING PRINCE'.)

TENEBRIS (V.O.):

The ability to psychically manoeuvre objects without touching them. That's how you described it, Doctor. If only you'd experienced it. I didn't consciously understand what I'd done at first, it happened almost without thinking. But when I looked back, I knew. As I fell, the swamp had reached up to me. Not just plants and animals - the earth, the water, the atmosphere itself. Every molecule, all connected, and I was a part of it. I was a mote in the air, I was the air that carried the mote. And every vein in my body burned so brightly!

(KYLO'S SCREAM RECEDES.)

48. INT. CONTROL ROOM (SPACE-STATION)

(CHENI, DUKHIN AND VINCOL WATCH FROM THE FAR SIDE OF THE CONTROL ROOM.)

VINCOL:
What's he saying? He's Kylo?

DUKHIN:
I'll explain later.

CHENI:
Quiet, both of you. Listen.

(WRATH APPROACH, DRAGGING TEESHA)

WRATH:
You will wait with these others until Lord Deliverer Tenebris makes his judgement.

TEESHA:
All right, all right!

DUKHIN:
Teesha! I hoped you'd escaped.

(THE WRATH MARCHES OFF)

CHENI:
You again?

TEESHA:
We must stop meeting like this. What have I missed?

49. EXT. SHARNAX (SWAMP) — 'THE BURNING PRINCE' REPRISE

(FROM SCENE 114 -
THE IGRIS APPROACHING EN MASSE.)

KYLO:

*Stay back! Stay back all of you or I'll burn this whole swamp,
I'll - !*

(THE IGRIS GROWL, UNCERTAIN.)

What? You understand me? Yes... yes, you can understand me...

(MORE SNARLS AND GROWLS. BUT THE IGRIS SEEM ALMOST DOCILE...)

I was right. In Empire's name. I WAS RIGHT!

(WITH A CRY AND A MANIACAL LAUGH, HE BURSTS INTO FLAME.)

Come my friends! Watch! WATCH! ME! BURN!

(HE BLAZES.)

50. INT. CONTROL ROOM (SPACE-STATION)

(BACK TO THE DOCTOR & TENEBRIS.)

TENEBRIS:

The Igris saw my mind's fury unleashed. Power beyond their primal comprehension. They bowed down. Made me their leader... their God. What else could they do?

DOCTOR:

I've seen a lot of suffering, Tenebris. I've tried to help, where I can. But there are times when suffering makes its victim a monster.

TENEBRIS:

You think I'm a monster?

DOCTOR:

You're hardly going out of your way to refute it.

TENEBRIS:

The Wrath would disagree with you. I saved their souls from exile, as you've seen. I gave them purpose, direction. They were blank slates, to be programmed any way I desired.

DOCTOR:

And you programmed them to hate the Drashani.

TENEBRIS:

After all the Empire had done to them, Doctor, I found they needed very little persuasion.

51. INT. CATACOMBS VAULT (CAWDOR CASTLE)

(ARMOUR CLANKS. AN ARMY PREPARING FOR WAR.)

OLERIK:

These catacombs reach every corner of the castle, clan-brothers. Surprise is on our side, we can strike before dawn. You! Any word from the archers?

NOMAD:

Yes. They sent a stormpigeon.

OLERIK:

A stormpigeon? We're facing a world-devouring horde of demons from beyond the stars, and our archers sent a stormpigeon?

NOMAD:

Er, yes.

OLERIK:

(SIGHS) I suppose they're doing their best. What did they say?

NOMAD:

When the third moon kisses the Peak of Carthiz, they'll be in position.

OLERIK:

Then we're on. Pass the word round. The wolves of Tar'khut win back Cawdor tonight!

52. INT. CONTROL ROOM (SPACE-STATION)

TENEBRIS:

I fashioned the Wrath into my army and launched my fleet.

DOCTOR:

Yes, I was wondering about that. Your telekinesis kept you alive, Tenebris. It gave you power over the Igris. But even a mind such as yours can't survive the extremes of space. How did you escape Sharnax?

TENEBRIS:

You forget. Sharnax was a former mining colony.

DOCTOR:

Of course. A scrapyard of dilapidated derelicts.

TENEBRIS:

It took me twenty-five years to construct my fleet. But construct it I did.

DOCTOR:

And did you also fashion the Acheron Pulse from the flotsam you found on Sharnax?

TENEBRIS:

You give me too much credit. I'm not that clever. The Acheron Pulse was my Wraths' gift to me, in gratitude for their salvation.

DOCTOR:

Then your weapon comes from the Wrath themselves?

TENEBRIS:

From their suffering – powered and directed by my rudimentary technology.

DOCTOR:

I don't understand.

TENEBRIS:

The scientists of House Sorsha created the Igris by tearing out their prisoners' souls, Doctor. Did you not think to wonder where those souls went?

53. INT. CONTROL ROOM (SPACE-STATION)

CHENI:

We should help him.

VINCOL:

Stay here, ma'am. We're safe as long as the Doctor's got his attention.

(DUKHIN MOANS)

TEESHA:

Dukhin – your arm? Are you hurt?

DUKHIN:

It's nothing.

TEESHA:

No, let me look...

(SHE EXAMINES IT)

CHENI:

It's been burnt!

TEESHA:

When did this happen?

DUKHIN:

When I tried to stop the Empress approaching Tenebris. One of the Wrath flamebolts must have... winged me...

CHENI:

It was that close?

VINCOL:

He's slightly singed, that's all.

TEESHA:

You could have been incinerated!

CHENI:

It's my fault. He was trying to protect me.

VINCOL:

Of course he was.

CHENI:

But I don't deserve that – my family's actions shame the name of Gadarel. Of the Empire!

VINCOL:

Dukhin would lay down his life for you, Ma'am. As would I.

CHENI:

Then your Empress can do no less.

DUKHIN:

Highness?

VINCOL:

The Doctor told me to keep you away from Tenebris, Ma'am.

CHENI:

And are you the Doctor's subject, Vincol? Or mine?

54. EXT. SHARNAX (SWAMP) — FLASHBACK

(FX FROM SCENE 114 OF 'THE BURNING PRINCE' —
STAGNANT POOLS BUBBLE. UNKNOWN CREATURES SCUTTLE AND BELCH.)

TENEBRIS (V.O.):

I was marooned on Sharnax for two and a half decades. I had always felt a link to the Igris. Mentally. I reached out to them, and the barrier between their minds and mine crumbled. I found I could soothe their pain - their rage. And one day... I broke through.

55. EXT. THE UNDERVOID — FLASHBACK

(A SOUND LIKE TEARING PAPER. THEN... BIRDS' WINGS FLAP. ROARING, RUSHING AIR. CHATTERING VOICES — LIKE THE WRATH GESTALT MIND... BUT THESE VOICES ARE DISCORDANT. FRIGHTENED. HURT. OCCASIONAL WAILS AND SCREAMS.)

TENEBRIS (V.O.):

I didn't mean to go there. But the membrane separating the Igris from that other place was so very fragile. Like cobwebs...

LOST SOULS:

Kylo. / Please, Kylo. / Help me. / Find us. / Free us.

56. INT. CONTROL ROOM (SPACE-STATION)

DOCTOR:

You tore a hole through to them. What did you find on the other side? A pocket dimension?

TENEBRIS:

Nothing so commonplace. I found a wasteland of the mind. Perhaps it was created spontaneously, by the Drashani experiments. Or perhaps it always existed, waiting for spirits to populate it.

DOCTOR:

You brought them back.

TENEBRIS:

One by one, I freed their disembodied souls. I fashioned them into the Wrath.

DOCTOR:

And in doing so, created the Acheron Pulse. An obscene weapon that has no place in our universe.

TENEBRIS:

Would you have done differently, Doctor? Or would you have left them to drift forever, formless and alone?

DOCTOR:

Maybe that would have been best.

TENEBRIS:

You can't imagine that place, Doctor. I called it the Undervoid. But were I a religious man, I'd know it by its true name.

(CHENI'S HEELS ECHO AS SHE APPROACHES.)

CHENI:

Purgatory.

DOCTOR:

Empress! I told you to stay with the others!

CHENI:

I'm not in the habit of taking orders, Doctor.

TENEBRIS:

Aliona...

CHENI:

Cheni.

TENEBRIS:

Cheni, yes, Cheni.

DOCTOR:

(URGENT) Imperial Highness - your subjects attest to your sagacity. But believe me, your wisest course is to not say another word. Truly, it's for all our sakes!

TENEBRIS:

The Empress wishes to speak. And I wish to hear her. We've quite a history, her family and I.

CHENI:

(FORMAL) Prince Kylo - as ruler of the Drashani Empire, I kneel before you in penitent humility.

DOCTOR:

Oh no...

CHENI:

You surrendered your life in defence of fair Aliona, and Tenebris the warlord was born of your sacrifice. My Empire's scientists created the Igris, and the Wrath rose from their pain. The Doctor called you a monster, but there are no monsters here. We are all victims.

TENEBRIS:

In defence of fair Aliona? Is that what you said?

DOCTOR:

Empress!

CHENI:

The last heir of Sorsha gave all to protect his pure bride from those who opposed their union. And yet you live! When the Empire hears this glorious news, there will be rejoicing like nothing [in memory] -

TENEBRIS:?

(BOILING RAGE) His pure bride? His pure... bride?

CHENI:

Yes, his - what's the matter?

(AN EXPLOSION OF FIRE FROM THE WALL.)

CHENI:

(GASPS)

57. EXT. COURTYARD (CAWDOR CASTLE)

(NIGHT SOUNDS. AND A CADRE OF NOMADS, CLAMBERING OUT OF THE CATACOMBS... AS STEALTHY AS THEIR CLANKING ARMOUR ALLOWS.)

OLERIK:

(WHISPERS) Is everyone out of the catacombs? Good. Close the doors – pay attention!

(THE NOMADS SETTLE.)

OLERIK:

When the third moon skims Carthiz Peak, our archers are going to open fire from the hillside. While the Wrath are busy with them, we'll take the East Gate. That'll open the way for the horsemen. Any questions? (SILENCE) Good. Then for the next two minutes, I want you praying to your ancestors. It's time those spiritual layabouts started earning their offerings!

NOMADS:

Yes leader!

NOMAD (OFF):

The hillside, look! The arrows are flying!

OLERIK:

Well, that's it then. Forget the prayers, clan-brothers! Trust in the man beside you and your own right arm! (YELLS) BLOOD AND GLORY!

NOMADS:

BLOOD AND GLORY!

(LED BY OLERIK, THE NOMADS CHARGE – ROARING!)

58. INT. CONTROL ROOM (SPACE-STATION)

(AN ELECTRICAL FIRE'S STILL BURNING.)

DOCTOR:

Tenebris! Kylo! Listen to me! Cheni doesn't know what you've suffered! I do. Don't listen to her - listen to me!

TENEBRIS:

My pure bride? That murderess!

(ANOTHER EXPLOSION!)

CHENI:

Doctor! What's wrong with him?

DOCTOR:

Excuse my lack of tact, your Highness - but please, stop talking! Tenebris! You've burned a path halfway to the Gadarel Homeworld. What happens when you get there?

TENEBRIS:

I will have vengeance, Doctor!

(ANOTHER EXPLOSION!)

DOCTOR:

You won't find what you're looking for, Kylo. Aliona died thirty years ago. She escaped you!

TENEBRIS:

Do you think I don't know that? I found out when I left Sharnax. After all those years, all those years of pain, to discover the one who caused them is gone. Long gone! Can you imagine how that feels?

DOCTOR:

What are you going to do? Destroy an Empire, simply because you fell for the wrong princess?

TENEBRIS:

YES!

(ANOTHER EXPLOSION)

CHENI:

No, Doctor, I have heard enough.

DOCTOR:

Cheni, please!

CHENI:
I said no!

(BEAT. TENEBRIS CALMS)

TENEBRIS:
What?

CHENI:
Tenebris is a mask, Doctor. The man behind it is not Tenebris. He's Kylo, a Drashani of noble birth. People don't change, whatever terrible things they might have experienced.

DOCTOR:
Oh, they do. They really do. Take my word for it.

TENEBRIS:
The Empress wishes to say something, Doctor, I would advise you to let her.

CHENI:
I am most grateful, noble Prince. Earlier, I offered my Empire's contrition to you. That was not enough. I've known the tale of Kylo and Aliona since I was a babe in arms. I should have understood these stories don't end with recompense. They end with... love.

TENEBRIS:
Love.

DOCTOR:
Love?

CHENI:
Yes – love.

TENEBRIS:
Love. Ah. Bless.

CHENI:
Together, sweet Kylo, we'll undo the errors of my father's generation. The Great Houses of Gadarel and Sorsha will be united, as they were always meant to be. I offer you my hand in marriage – and a place beside me on the Drashani throne.

DOCTOR:
No.

TENEBRIS:
(BEAT) You think a royal wedding will end this war?

CHENI:

All fairytales end with marriage.

TENEBRIS:

(ALMOST BUYING IT) You would wed me?

CHENI:

I would. My cousin was lost to you, but I shall take her place. In time, you might come to love me as you did her.

TENBERIS:

I —

CHENI:

Please.

TENEBRIS:

(BEAT) You may remove my mask. I would have my bride look upon my naked face.

DOCTOR:

Cheni... I'm begging you. Don't do this.

CHENI:

Doctor, you are wise in many matters. But I don't think you understand love at all.

(SHE UNCLASPS THE FASTENINGS THAT SECURE TENEBRIS' MASK.)

CHENI:

How long have you worn this mask? It doesn't matter. Soon it will be gone. And I'll see the face of Kylo. The noble Prince Kylo, the man I've loved since I was a child and —

(SHE DROPS THE MASK. CLUNK! SHE SCREAMS!)

TENEBRIS:

(HOARSE, CROAKING) It turns out the atmosphere of Sharnax is mildly acidic, Empress. None of our miners there lived long enough to notice any effects, but let me assure you that prolonged exposure is not recommended. Twenty five years grovelling in its swamps left their mark. Still, it's what's inside that counts.

CHENI:

Your face, it —

DOCTOR:

Cheni!

TENEBRIS:

My Wrath, hold him.

(THE WRATH GRAB THE DOCTOR)

DOCTOR:

What? No!

TENEBRIS:

Of course you tremble. It's revolting. I knew you would not be able to stomach it. You talk to me of love? I have heard such lies from your family before!

CHENI:

Doctor! Doctor, help me!

TENEBRIS:

He can't! No one can. Wrath – the Acheron Pulse!

59. INT. PULSE CHAMBER (WRATH FLAGSHIP)

(THE PULSE CHAMBER'S GLASS HUMS AND SINGS. ENERGY FIZZES. THE WRATH GESTALT MURMURS AS THEY MANIPULATE CONSOLE CONTROLS.)

WRATH LEADER:

Initiate Pulse. Narrow beam. Target: Empress Cheni Gadarel.

WRATH:

Pulse initiated.

(THE GLASS'S VIBRATIONS BECOME LOUDER... HIGHER PITCHED...)

60. INT. CONTROL ROOM (SPACE-STATION)

(THE HOWL OF THE ACHERON PULSE BEGINS. THE DOCTOR'S STRUGGLING IN THE WRATHS' GRIP.)

CHENI:
(SCREAMS IN PAIN)

DOCTOR:
Tenebris! She didn't know! None of this is her fault!

CHENI:
(SCREAMS AGAIN)

DOCTOR:
Tenebris! Please!

(THE ACHERON PULSE INCREASES IN PITCH!)

TENEBRIS:
Not all fairytales end with marriage, Empress. Some end very badly indeed.

DOCTOR:
Cheni was a baby when your family died, Tenebris! I was there! Blame me! Spare her, take me instead!

CHENI:
Doctor! My skin's stretching! Swelling! What's happening!

(BONES CREAK AND CRACK, RESHAPING THEMSELVES.)

CHENI:
Help me! My thoughts, my memories... they're slipping away...

DOCTOR:
Cheni. Oh Cheni...

CHENI:
I don't want to lose them, Doctor. I don't want to lose what I am. I don't want to become...

(A FINAL, DECISIVE CRACK OF SHIFTING BONE. A PAUSE. THEN... THE LOW GROWL OF AN IGRIS. THE ACHERON PULSE STOPS. A BEAT.)

DOCTOR:
Oh no.

TENEBRIS:
Goodbye, Empress. You see now, Doctor. The Acheron Pulse doesn't kill its victims.

DOCTOR:

No. It distills away their higher brain functions. Hurls their psyches into that place you called the Undervoid. Leaving only - an Igris.

TENEBRIS:

You knew?

DOCTOR:

I guessed. A dozen astronauts hit by the first Pulse. A dozen too many Igris on this space-station. Maths was never my strongest suit but that wasn't complicated. Almost as simple as what happens next.

TENEBRIS:

What's that?

DOCTOR:

(CERTAINTY) You're going to bring Cheni back.

TENEBRIS:

Ha. Impossible. Once the soul's severed and the Igris manifested, the two parts cannot be recombined.

DOCTOR:

I promised to look after her.

TENEBRIS:

You promised you'd stop Aliona killing my family too, you didn't do that either. Wrath - guard the prisoners. If they try to escape, kill them. Doctor, come with me.

DOCTOR:

Where?

TENEBRIS:

My flagship. You asked what I'll do when I reach Gadarel Prime. It's time you had your answer.

(A DOOR SWOOSHES. THEY EXIT. IT CLOSES. THE IGRIS, FORMERLY EMPRESS CHENI, GROWLS.)

61. EXT. COURTYARD (CAWDOR CASTLE) — NIGHT

(EXPLOSIONS! THE BUZZ OF THE WRATH GESTALT! CLANKING ARMOUR AND THE CLASH OF WEAPONS.)

OLERIK:

(SHOUTING) The Wrath are falling back, wolves of Tar'khut! The East Gate's ours!

(ENORMOUS METAL LOCKS CLANG AS THEY'RE RELEASED.)

OLERIK:

Open the doors! Raise the portcullis! Once our horsemen are in the castle, we'll take the day!

(A VOLLEY OF WRATH FLAMEBOLTS! NOMAD WARRIORS SCREAM AND DIE!)

OLERIK:

Where did that lot come from?

NOMAD:

They're regrouping! They're fighting back!

OLERIK:

Is that so? (SHOUTING ABOVE THE BATTLE) We'll show them!

(SHE DRAWS HER SWORD. HACK! SLASH! SQUELCH! THE SOUNDS CONTINUE UNDER HER SPEECH —)

OLERIK:

These scalps are for you, father of my brood!

(THE BATTLE CONTINUES AS WE FADE TO...)

62. INT. PULSE CHAMBER (WRATH FLAGSHIP)

(GLASS VIBRATES. HIGH ABOVE, POWER SPARKS AND FIZZES. A DOOR SWOOSHES OPEN. THE DOCTOR AND TENEBRIS ENTER.)

TENEBRIS:

My Wrath call this the Pulse Chamber, Doctor. It's here that they generate and focus their Acheron Pulse. Perhaps you recognise its central component?

DOCTOR:

A Praxis Valve. The primary power-core from the Drashani delegation's starcruiser.

TENEBRIS:

The batteries I took from Sharnax were old. Their fading power limited my Wraths' effectiveness. They could obliterate a town, a small island – nothing larger. That's why this space-station was a perfect target.

DOCTOR:

But now the Pulse is a million times stronger.

TENEBRIS:

A million? You underestimate the Empire's technological prowess, Doctor. Heated to plasmic temperatures, the gasses in the Praxis Valve produce enough energy to warp space itself.

DOCTOR:

Cheni doesn't deserve her fate, Tenebris. If you can't reverse her transformation, won't you at least free her from the Undervoid? Make her a fresh Wrath, for your army.

TENEBRIS:

The Empress of the Drashani should take a little time to think about what she's done. Twenty-five years perhaps. When I conquer Gadarel Prime, maybe I'll parade her hollow remnant through the streets in chains. I look forward to watching her subjects turn away in disgust when they see what she's become.

DOCTOR:

And then what?

TENEBRIS:

You must have guessed that. I'll unleash the Acheron Pulse. With this Praxis Valve's power, I can target an entire planet. In a matter of hours, Gadarel Prime will be another Sharnax. A world of Igris.

DOCTOR:

I won't let that happen.

TENEBRIS:

That's an empty vow, Doctor. You do make rather a habit of them.

DOCTOR:

You'll pay for this.

TENEBRIS:

I've been paying for decades. And it's your fault.

DOCTOR:

Mine?

63. INT. CONTROL ROOM (SPACE-STATION)

(THE IGRIS, FORMERLY EMPRESS CHENI, GROWLS)

VINCOL:

(CHILDLIKE DENIAL) She's not gone, is she? Not really. She can't be. That... thing will disappear, she'll be OK, she'll...
(TRAILS OFF)

DUKHIN:

Chief Advocate? Are you alright?

TEESHA:

How could he be alright, after what just happened? He's in shock. We should make him comfortable. Help me move him.

(THEY GRUNT WITH EFFORT.)

DUKHIN:

Come along, Vincol. You need to rest. Everything's going to fine.

VINCOL:

(BROKEN) Empress Cheni's the wisest, most noble ruler the Empire's known...

TEESHA:

Doesn't say much for your Empire. She had heart, though, there's no denying that.

(SOMETHING SMALL AND METALLIC DROPS ON THE DECK.)

DUKHIN:

What's this? You dropped it. A detonator?

TEESHA:

Oh, yeah... Boritz brought a bomb.

DUKHIN:

A bomb?

TEESHA:

He was going blow up the Avionics Nexus. The Doctor stopped him.

VINCOL:

(BEAT) Give it to me.

TEESHA:

(PICKING IT UP) Best if I hang onto it, I reckon.

VINCOL:

I said give it to me!

TEESHA:

And I said no!

(WITH NO WARNING, VINCOL DRAWS HIS MESON-BODKIN. IT FIRES UP WITH A CRACKLE OF ELECTRICAL ENERGY.)

DUKHIN:

Teesha! Watch out, he's still got his meson-bodkin!

(VINCOL SLASHES AT HER.)

TEESHA:

(YELPS)

(SHE DROPS THE DETONATOR. VINCOL PICKS IT UP)

VINCOL:

I've got it!

(HE SCRAMBLES UP. A DISTANT WRATH NOTICES)

WRATH:

A prisoner is attempting escape! (STARTS TO APPROACH) Halt! Disobey and you will die!

VINCOL:

Yes I'll die! We'll all die!

DUKHIN:

Teesha! DUCK!

(WRATH FLAMEBOLTS FIRE. THEY MISS. VINCOL PUNCHES THE DOOR CONTROL - IT SWOOSHES CLOSED AFTER HIM.)

DUKHIN:

He got away! Are you alright? He nearly cut your hand open...

TEESHA:

I'll be fine. We've got to get to the Avionics Nexus. Stop him before he can trigger the bomb. Come on!

(A WRATH FLAMEBOLT EXPLODES, CLOSE, AS THE APPROACHING WRATH ARRIVES.)

WRATH:

Prisoners will not attempt to escape.

TEESHA:

Oh don't be stupid, I'm trying to save all of us!

DUKHIN:

Teesha - do as they say! They'll kill you

64. INT. PULSE CHAMBER (WRATH FLAGSHIP)

(GLASS VIBRATES. THE PRAXIS VALVE'S ENERGY FIZZES.)

DOCTOR:

My fault? How is it my fault?

TENEBRIS:

You saved my life, Doctor. Don't you remember? Kept me from death just long enough that Aliona could spring her trap and wipe out my family.

DOCTOR:

There was no way I could have predicted what she was going to do!

TENEBRIS:

Is that your defence? That you couldn't have known? My Wraths' crusade will continue. And you are responsible for every life we take.

DOCTOR:

No!

(THE DOOR SWOOSHES OPEN AGAIN. WRATH ENTER.)

WRATH:

Communication from Cawdor. Status update: rebellion.

TENEBRIS:

No conqueror can tolerate civil unrest. Wrath - prepare to launch a planet-wide Acheron Pulse!

WRATH:

As you command, Lord Deliverer.

DOCTOR:

Kylo, please!

TENEBRIS:

Tenebris, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

You can't do this!

TENEBRIS:

Yes, Doctor. I can.

65. INT. CONTROL ROOM (SPACE-STATION)

(THE BUZZ OF THE WRATH GESTALT. THE GUTTURAL GROWLS OF CHENI'S IGRIS.)

TEESHA:

We have to get out of here, Dukhin. We don't have much time.

DUKHIN:

The Wrath will kill us if we try to get past them.

TEESHA:

Vincol made it. Maybe we can. We've got to try. Wish me luck.

DUKHIN:

No!

(TEESHA RUNS)

WRATH:

Halt!

DUKHIN:

Teesha! Look out! Get behind the consoles!

(WRATH FLAMEBOLTS! TEESHA DIVES FOR COVER!)

DUKHIN:

(FRANTIC) Here! Look at me - I'm escaping! See?

WRATH:

Ignore him. Terminate the woman.

(SUDDENLY - A ROAR! THE IGRIS! IT ATTACKS THE WRATH!)

WRATH LEADER:

The Igris is attacking! Redirect all fire. Destroy the beast.

WRATH:

Tenebris be praised.

(MORE FLAMEBOLTS! THE IGRIS IS WILD - FLAILING, HOWLING!)

TEESHA:

Dukhin! What's happening?

DUKHIN:

The Empress! She's protecting us! She's giving her life so we can escape!

(TEESHA PUNCHES THE DOOR CONTROL. IT SWOOSHES OPEN!)

TEESHA:

Well, let's not disappoint her! Into the corridor! Come on!

(THEY HURRY OUT, THE DOOR SWOOSHES CLOSED AFTER THEM. BEHIND THEM, THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE WRATH AND THE IGRIS CONTINUES.)

66. INT. PULSE CHAMBER (WRATH FLAGSHIP)

DOCTOR:

For pity's sake! Those natives are fighting with nothing more than pointy sticks and sheer guts! They don't stand a chance, you've no reason to destroy their world.

TENEBRIS:

Dismantling an Empire is bound to involve casualties, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

I won't allow this! You've already taken Empress Cheni. She was dragging her Empire forward! Now she's gone and all you offer is destruction!

(CONSOLE CONTROLS MANIPULATED BY THE WRATH.)

WRATH (OFF):

Acheron Pulse initiated.

(THE GLASS AND MIRRORS IN THE PULSE CHAMBER VIBRATE MORE LOUDLY, INCREASING IN PITCH...)

67. EXT. COURTYARD (CAWDOR CASTLE) — NIGHT

(A CAVALRY CHARGE! POUNDING HOOVES AND THE FLAMEBOLTS OF THE WRATH!)

NOMAD:

We've secured the Main Keep, clan-mother. By sunrise, Cawdor Castle will be [ours]— (HE SCREAMS)

(THE SCREECH OF THE ACHERON PULSE STARTS FROM NOWHERE.)

OLERIK:

What's that?

NOMAD:

My skin! It's stretching! I can't — (SCREAMS)

(THE ACHERON PULSE RISES IN PITCH.)

OLERIK:

Their weapon! (SHOUTS) Fall back, clan-brothers! Retreat to the catacombs!

(A DISORDERED RETREAT BEGINS.)

68. INT. PULSE CHAMBER (WRATH FLAGSHIP)

(THE WRATH MANIPULATE CONSOLES, ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE CHAMBER FROM THE DOCTOR AND TENEBRIS.)

DOCTOR:

The Drashani Empire's capable of progress, Tenebris, it could be a beacon of civilisation. And you want to snuff it out!

WRATH:

Acheron Pulse engaged. Praxis spectrum gasses approaching optimal temperature. Complete planetary conversion: T minus three hours.

WRATH LEADER:

Wait. Listen.

TENEBRIS:

Unlike you, Doctor, I don't claim to serve a greater good. I created the Wrath to enact my vengeance. The consequences are not my concern.

DOCTOR:

No. No. No! The planet below us is dying, and YOU gave the order! You can't simply deny you're responsible!

WRATH LEADER:

This debate is troubling. Tenebris delivered the Wrath. He gave us purpose.

WRATH:

Designation of purpose: revenge. But the Doctor claims Tenebris is incorrect.

WRATH LEADER:

If true, then the Wrath's purpose is also incorrect.

WRATH:

This uncertainty is unacceptable. The contradiction must be resolved.

69. INT. AVIONICS ANTECHAMBER (SPACE-STATION)

(THE HUM OF POWER-CABLES. A SWITCH IS THROWN.)

BOMB:

Tactical explosive re-engaged. Safety features disabled. Insert detonator to activate final sequence.

VINCOL:

(DISTRUGHT) Detonator... detonator... Ah! Here it is. Just need to connect it... and it's over.

(THE DOOR OPENS. TEESHA ENTERS.)

TEESHA:

Vincol! Drop the detonator! Set that bomb off and we're all done for.

VINCOL:

The Empress is lost! Why should we live now she's gone? This space-station will become a frozen mausoleum to her eternal [glory] – oof!

(HE'S BEEN SURPRISE ATTACKED BY DUKHIN! THEY STRUGGLE!)

DUKHIN:

I've got him!

TEESHA:

Less commentary! Get the detonator!

(BEEP)

BOMB:

Detonator engaged. Countdown sequence initiated. Six minutes to ignition... three-five-nine...

DUKHIN:

Oh.

BOMB:

Three-five-eight... three-five-seven...

70. INT. PULSE CHAMBER (WRATH FLAGSHIP)

(THE DOCTOR AND TENEBRIS ARGUE.)

TENEBRIS:

You still hold me accountable for the slaughter below, Doctor?
You still fail to acknowledge your culpability?

DOCTOR:

Oh, I'll bear that responsibility, yes. My intervention thirty years ago was instrumental in what you've become. But there's still a difference between us, Tenebris.

TENEBRIS:

What difference?

DOCTOR:

I was trying to help!

TENEBRIS:

And you failed. You left me there to die, Doctor. You could have saved me. If I am a villain, I am a villain of your own creation!

WRATH (APPROACHING):

Enough. You will be silent.

TENEBRIS:

(CALMING DOWN) Your counsel is well taken, my Wrath. I was becoming distracted by this vagabond's irrelevancies –

DOCTOR:

Irrelevancies? VAGABOND??

WRATH:

You will BOTH be silent.

TENEBRIS:

What?! You are my Wrath. I gave you form. I programmed you! You do not tell me to be silent!

WRATH:

The Doctor contradicts your paradigm. He advocates progress, not vengeance. Only one philosophy will be permitted.

(AN ELECTRONIC BACKGROUND HOWL BEGINS.)

TENEBRIS:

Doctor – that noise!

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTING OVER THE DIN) The Acheron Pulse! No! Don't you see, Tenebris? The Wrath are turning your weapon on us!

TENEBRIS:

No! No, stop my creatures! You obey me!

DOCTOR:

It's too late for that now, I'm afraid. They've made their decision! They're sending us –

71. EXT. UNDERVOID

(*CRASH!* THEN... BIRDS' WINGS FLAP. ROARING, RUSHING AIR. CHATTERING VOICES — DISCORDANT. FRIGHTENED. HURT. WAILING AND SCREAMING. WE'RE BACK IN THE UNDERVOID, AS IN SCENE 54.)

DOCTOR (CONT'D):
- here!

TENEBRIS:
It's not possible.

DOCTOR:
I'm very much afraid it is. We're trapped. In the Undervoid!

CLOSING THEME

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

OPENING THEME

72. INT. CATACOMBS VAULT (CAWDOR CASTLE) – NIGHT

(SCREAMS ECHO THROUGH THE CATACOMBS. UP CLOSE, THE INJURED AND DYING MOAN.)

OLERIK:
Is that address system working yet?

NOMAD:
It is, clan-mother.

OLERIK:
Give it here. (CLEARS HER THROAT, THEN TANNOY DISTORT) Wolves of Tar'khut. Savour the stench of death in your lungs, and listen to me. This night we've tasted blood, and glory. Everyone who's raised a blade here has put to shame a score of their ancestors...

NOMAD:
(WHISPERS) Clan-mother...

OLERIK:
In a minute! (TANNOY DISTORT) Now, the song of our world's at its end. This pulse weapon grows stronger every minute, soon it'll reach us even in these catacombs. When that happens, we'll die – but as warriors! We're all owed ale at the banquet tables of the Afterlife... and the hour's now upon us to collect that [debt] –

NOMAD:
Clan-mother!

OLERIK:
Can't you see I'm busy? What do you want?

NOMAD:
The archers, clan-mother. They sent another stormpigeon.

OLERIK:
Them and their stormpigeons. What did it say?

NOMAD:
The Acheron Pulse. It's just... stopped.

73. EXT. UNDERVOID

(THE DOCTOR AND TENEBRIS HAVE TO SHOUT OVER THE UNDERVOID'S ROARING GALES.)

TENEBRIS:

I freed the Wrath from the Undervoid. Why would they turn on me? Why send me here – with you?

DOCTOR:

Well, you wouldn't be the first god whose creations decided they could do without his guiding hand. But I rather think this is a little more complicated.

TENEBRIS:

Explain.

DOCTOR:

Since we materialised in this pocket dimension, have you seen yourself? Have you seen me? Did you notice anything?

TENEBRIS:

You're playing games, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

For someone who's spent three decades plotting vengeance, you're surprisingly impatient. I'll give you a hint: the Acheron Pulse sends its victims' incorporeal psyches into the void. Leaving their regressed physical bodies back in our 'real' universe.

TENEBRIS:

I know that.

DOCTOR:

Then don't you think it's odd you're still wearing that mask of yours, and I'm my usual model of sartorial insouciance? For a pair of incorporeal psyches, we're both very material indeed, wouldn't you say?

TENEBRIS:

The Wrath have sent our physical bodies to the Undervoid? But why?

DOCTOR:

You told me it's impossible to recombine a life-force with its Igris form once the two parts have been severed. So I surmise the reason we're both in one piece is that your Wrath intend to bring us back.

TENEBRIS:

Bring us back? Oh, you're not so naïve, Doctor. They said only one philosophy can be permitted. It shall be but one they bring back.

DOCTOR:

That might have been their intention, yes. But you said the Wrath are blank slates. Tabulae rasa, ready to be imprinted with any purpose. All they ask is certainty. I believe they'll free us both from the Undervoid if we offer a single, unopposed morality they can live by.

TENEBRIS:

You propose we compromise?

DOCTOR:

It does seem the most sensible solution. If I can help you and the Drashani reach a settlement, this war can end. With the proper encouragement, the Wrath could even become a force for good.

TENEBRIS:

You called me a monster. You said I offered only destruction.

DOCTOR:

Well, you were hardly the most gracious host at that point. If we call a halt to your hostilities, we [can] –

TENEBRIS:

You don't understand, Doctor. You called me a monster. You were right.

DOCTOR:

Tenebris! The Wrath's creed is absolute! We have to work together – otherwise, they'll never stop!

(AN EXPLOSION OF PYROKINETIC FIRE NEARBY!)

DOCTOR:

No!

TENEBRIS:

Only one of us can be permitted, Doctor! And it shall be Tenebris.

(ANOTHER PYROKINETIC BLAST!)

74. INT. PULSE CHAMBER (WRATH FLAGSHIP)

(THE WRATH ARE LISTENING, VIA THEIR BUZZING GESTALT:)

WRATH LEADER:

The paradigm of Lord Deliverer Tenebris rejects compromise. The Doctor seeks compromise.

WRATH:

His approach is unlikely to succeed.

WRATH LEADER:

When Tenebris crushes the Doctor, the Wrath will accept his programming. The Doctor will be abandoned in the Undervoid.

WRATH:

We will obey our Lord Deliverer. The Drashani Empire will be erased.

75. EXT. THE UNDERVOID

(THE AMBIENT GALES ARE PUNCTUATED BY PYROKINETIC BLASTS, SOME WAY DISTANT. THE DOCTOR RUNNING.)

TENEBRIS (OFF):

I was the runt of my family's litter, Doctor! The foolish princeling, bewitched and betrayed on Sharnax! But when you're dead and Gadarel Prime burns, the whole Drashani Empire will fear my name!

(THE DOCTOR'S BREATHING HARD. HIDING FROM TENEBRIS, CLOSE TO US.)

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) And I thought I was self-obsessed...!

(ANOTHER PYROKINETIC EXPLOSION — MUCH CLOSER!)

DOCTOR:

Oh my stars!

TENEBRIS (OFF):

I have a million souls at my side in this shrieking void, Doctor, and you're alone! I see you! Run! RUN!

(A SERIES OF BLASTS, LIKE PSYCHIC TRACER SHELLS! THE DOCTOR RUNS!)

TENEBRIS (OFF):

Nowhere to hide, Doctor! This is the end!

(A VOICE HISSES AT THE DOCTOR'S EAR — LIKE A GUARDIAN ANGEL! IT'S CHENI — BUT NOT NECESSARILY IDENTIFIABLE OVER THE NOISE AT THIS STAGE.)

CHENI (CLOSE):

(URGENT) Doctor! You're not alone!

DOCTOR:

What? Oh that's marvellous. Here I am, about to die trapped in an alternate universe, and I'm hearing voices. If this is my reward for six lifetimes of rigorous rationalism, then I wish I hadn't bothered...

CHENI:

Listen! There are boreholes in the earth of the Undervoid. There's one by your feet! Tenebris might not see you in there.

(MORE EXPLOSIONS!)

DOCTOR:

Well, I'm hardly going to take the word of a disembodied consciousness. You could be anyone!

(EXPLOSION!)

DOCTOR:

Whoah! (FALLS)

76. INT. BOREHOLE (THE UNDERVOID)

(MINUTES LATER. PYROKINETIC BLASTS CONTINUE, BUT THEY'RE HEADING INTO THE DISTANCE. THE DOCTOR'S CATCHING HIS BREATH.)

CHENI:
He's gone.

DOCTOR:
Thank goodness. But he'll be back. Whoever you are, you have no idea how much he dislikes me.

CHENI:
No. No, I know precisely how much Tenebris hates us both.

DOCTOR:
Us both? (REALISATION) Wait... I recognise your voice now. You're
—

CHENI:
Cheni, daughter of Tuvold. Empress of the Drashani.

77. INT. AVIONICS ANTECHAMBER (SPACE-STATION)

(THE HUM OF POWER-CABLES. THE BOMB'S COUNTDOWN CONTINUES...)

BOMB (SYNTHESISED VOICE):

One-nine-three... one-nine-two... one-nine-one... (ETC)

DUKHIN:

Maybe we can defuse it?

TEESHA:

These bombs are booby-trapped. It'll detonate if anyone other than Vincol touches it. Bring him here.

(DUKHIN DRAGS VINCOL OVER)

VINCOL:

(DETERMINED) Are you going to try and persuade me to disconnect the bomb, girl? How do you know I won't just trigger it?

TEESHA:

You would. So I'm not letting you near. You're going to tell me the override code.

VINCOL:

I won't.

TEESHA:

(COLD) Then I'll hurt you.

VINCOL:

I'll give you the wrong code.

TEESHA:

Then I'll hurt you some more. You've got three minutes til that thing blows. I'll make it feel like a lifetime.

VINCOL:

I think you would.

(VINCOL FLINGS DUKHIN OFF, FUMBLES IN HIS POCKETS. A FIZZ OF ELECTRICAL POWER.)

DUKHIN:

Teesha! He's still got his knife!

TEESHA:

No, I —

VINCOL:

(GASPS, GURGLES, DIES)

(THE KNIFE CLANKS ON THE DECK.)

DUKHIN:

Emperor's blood! He burned out his own heart! What are we going to do now? (NO REPLY.) Teesha – what are we going to do now??

BOMB:

One-six-five... one-six-four... one-six-three...

78. INT. BOREHOLE (THE UNDERVOID)

(TENEBRIS'S PYROKINETIC BLASTS CONTINUE, A LONG WAY OFF NOW.)

CHENI (CLOSE):

Can you imagine the fear and confusion bound up here, Doctor? A million spirits – torn from their bodies and hurled into perdition. And I am at least partially responsible.

DOCTOR:

That's not true.

CHENI:

Isn't it? You know it is. I never knew my father, Doctor. You did. You said he was a good man.

DOCTOR:

One of the best and bravest I've known.

CHENI:

Then I fear I have let him down.

DOCTOR:

No. You've honoured him. It's me that let him down. I promised him I'd watch over you. Then I let this happen. You must despise me.

CHENI:

Everyone's always telling me how sorry they are they failed me. Just once, it'd be nice to take a little responsibility myself.

DOCTOR:

Cheni. None of this is your fault. You couldn't have known the truth about Tenebris!

CHENI:

I should have done! All my life, I've been told the tale of Kylo and Aliona. How they died for each other, how the Empire mourned their loss.

DOCTOR:

The power of a carefully crafted political lie. Governments survive, the status quo's maintained. Everybody's happy. Particularly manufacturers of commemorative crockery.

CHENI:

But I believed it all! How could I be so unworldly?

DOCTOR:

You shouldn't castigate yourself. Before he became Tenebris, Prince Kylo was more credulous than you ever were. Even I used to believe my own dear planet's propaganda, until I put a little distance between us.

CHENI:

Was he always like this?

DOCTOR:

No. And that's the tragedy. He was a decent chap. Highly strung, yes, naive, certainly, but decent. He could see the good in even the most savage Igris and... (STOPS HIMSELF) Actually, I wonder...

CHENI:

Doctor?

DOCTOR:

His war began after he broke through to them... after he learned the truth of their creation... Hmm. I think I might have an idea. Cheni - I'm going to speak to him.

CHENI:

Is that wise?

DOCTOR:

Well, I can't run forever, so I don't have much choice. But... but I would be happier if we had a backup plan...

79. INT. AVIONICS ANTECHAMBER (SPACE-STATION)

(THE HUM OF POWER-CABLES. THE BOMB'S COUNTDOWN CONTINUES...)

BOMB (SYNTHESISED VOICE):
Ninety-one... ninety... eighty-nine... (ETC)

DUKHIN:
(TERRIFIED) Oh sweet Luko, we're going to die. We're going to die...

TEESHA:
(DECISIVE) Dukhin - I need you to do something. I need you to hold me. Tight.

DUKHIN:
Because we're going to die?

TEESHA:
What? Don't be stupid. No, because I'm going to open the Avionics Nexus to the vacuum. If I time it exactly, the energy from the bomb's blast will vent into space along with the air.

DUKHIN:
Will that work?

TEESHA:
If the bomb's small enough. Boritz didn't intend to blow up the station, he only brought enough explosives to knock out the computers. But we'll choke unless I close the doors again - and I'm going to need both hands to operate the controls, so I won't be able to hold on. If you let me go, I'll be sucked out into space.

DUKHIN:
But my arm - it's burnt, remember.

TEESHA:
If there was anyone else here, they'd be first pick but there's not. You'll have to do.

DUKHIN:
And the bomb won't kill us?

TEESHA:
No idea. But it's got to be worth a shot, hasn't it?

DUKHIN:
Oh. Right. OK.

TEESHA:

Good. Over here then, get behind these cables, use them to secure yourself.

(WITH MUCH GRUNTING AND GASPING, DUKHIN GETS HIMSELF INTO POSITION.)

BOMB:

Seventy-three... seventy-two... seventy-one... (ETC)

TEESHA:

Are you ready?

DUKHIN:

Think so.

TEESHA:

(INHALES, PREPARING) Here we go then. Put your arms round me. Hold me tight.

DUKHIN:

OK.

(FUMBLING.)

TEESHA:

Round my waist.

DUKHIN:

Sorry.

BOMB:

Sixty-two... sixty-one... sixty..

80. EXT. THE UNDERVOID

(MORE PYROKINESIS.)

TENEBRIS:

Why prolong your suffering, Doctor? Show yourself, finish this. My Wrath await their Lord Deliverer's return.

DOCTOR (APPROACHING):

Yes Tenebris. Let's end this now.

TENEBRIS:

So you've tired of hiding.

DOCTOR:

You don't need to kill me.

TENEBRIS:

Are you begging for your life? I think such a substantial request would be better made on your knees.

DOCTOR:

I'm not bargaining for myself. I'm bargaining for the Igris.

TENEBRIS:

The Igris?

DOCTOR:

This war's at least partially on their behalf, isn't it? You feel a kinship with them. Both of you betrayed by the Empire. You want vengeance for the wrongs they've endured, that you've both endured. Well... that can't happen, not without unspooling time itself.

TENEBRIS:

But I can make the Drashani Empire pay for its sins.

DOCTOR:

By creating even more Igris, with your Acheron Pulse?

TENEBRIS:

You're a wanderer, Doctor. A meddler... A buffoon. You know nothing of war.

DOCTOR:

I'm all those things and less. But I know one thing: you don't win a war by becoming the very thing you're fighting. Tenebris — what Aliona did to you was monstrous. Appalling. But she's gone. She escaped you. No matter how much you destroy, you can never have that revenge. Pursue the unobtainable, and you'll never stop. Where does it end, Kylo, where does it end?

TENEBRIS:

I -

DOCTOR:

You can't achieve vengeance. But maybe you can achieve justice.

TENEBRIS:

Justice?

DOCTOR:

For the Igris.

TENEBRIS:

(BEAT) What do you suggest?

DOCTOR:

Release your Drashani prisoners, Kylo. Send them back to the Empire with the truth. When the people know what's been done in their name, they won't allow it to continue. There'll be no more Igris. No more torture. The Empire will change. You can win.

TENEBRIS:

Win?

DOCTOR:

Yes! The only victory you can have!

TENEBRIS:

(BEAT) It seems you understand Prince Kylo at last, Doctor...

DOCTOR:

(MODEST) Well, I've always been a rather good judge of character.

TENEBRIS:

...But you don't know Tenebris at all.

DOCTOR:

Ah.

TENEBRIS:

That sentimental fool would have set the souls of the Igris free. To me, they're weapons, nothing more. I send them into battle. When they die, I create replacements.

DOCTOR:

But -

TENEBRIS:

You know how they say revenge is best served, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

I've heard this one. Just a moment, it'll come to me. Ah yes... revenge is a frozen meal for one, not a finger-buffet to be shared?

(A PYROKINETIC BLAST!)

DOCTOR:

Kylo! Please – listen to me!

TENEBRIS:

Goodbye, Doctor.

CHENI (CLOSE):

Kylo! Don't do this!

TENEBRIS:

What?

CHENI:

Kylo!

TENEBRIS:

(CONFUSED) Who are you?

CHENI:

Don't you know me, Kylo? Don't you know your lost love, your bride? I've found you at last... after so many years!

TENEBRIS:

Aliona?

81. INT. AVIONICS ANTECHAMBER (SPACE-STATION)

(THE HUM OF POWER-CABLES. THE BOMB'S COUNTDOWN CONTINUES...)

BOMB (SYNTHESISED VOICE):
Eight. Seven. Six... (ETC)

TEESHA:
Here it comes...

DUKHIN:
I've changed my mind. This is a terrible idea.

TEESHA:
(DETERMINED) Too late. Don't let go.

BOMB:
Three. Two. One.

(SWITCHES FLIP. A BULKHEAD OPENS TO SPACE. A RUSH OF AIR — LIKE
A HURRICANE!)

DUKHIN:
(SCREAMS!)

(THE BOMB EXPLODES — BOOM!)

82. EXT. THE UNDERVOID

CHENI (CLOSE):

Kylo....

TENEBRIS:

No. No, you're just a voice in the void. You could be anyone. Whoever you are, you are not Aliona. Everyone knows she died in the skies of Sharnax.

CHENI:

As you did?

TENEBRIS:

But...

CHENI:

I'll prove who I am, my love. I'll tell you another story - a story of bravery, of love and loss. Perhaps you know it already?

TENEBRIS:

I...

CHENI:

Listen... and I'll begin. Once upon a shining star, not so very long ago, there lived a courageous Knight of Sorsha. And he loved with all his heart a beautiful Gadarel maiden...

CROSS-FADE TO:

83. INT. PULSE CHAMBER (WRATH FLAGSHIP)

(THE WRATH ARE LISTENING.)

CHENI (V.O., CONTINUOUS FROM PREVIOUS SCENE):
...And her name was Aliona...

WRATH:
This contradicts our records.

WRATH LEADER:
Scanning archives. Record found. Designation: Aliona Gadarel;
Rank: Princess; Status: terminated.

WRATH:
Then the Drashani woman lies.

WRATH LEADER:
Truth bends. The Wrath will listen. And we will judge.

84. EXT. THE UNDERVOID

(FADE UP CHENI'S STORY.)

CHENI (CLOSE):

(CONTINUING) ...The wicked men who wanted war believed they had won. They had kept Kylo and Aliona apart, and stopped the wedding that would have united the Empire. But they could not have imagined the strength of the young couple's love for one another. A love that had already spanned three star-systems. Now, it reached across the very chasm of Death itself.

TENEBRIS:

No. That's not how it happened.

CHENI:

Hush my darling. The story's not done yet. (BEAT) Word of their passing spread through Drashani space – first in whispers, then in songs of sorrow and mourning. And the people rose up with one voice. They refused to fight another day. In memory of the tragic couple, they laid down their weapons. And the Great Houses were as one in mourning for Kylo and Aliona!

TENEBRIS:

That's not how it happened! Shut up! SHUT UP!

DOCTOR:

That's certainly not the way I remember things. But what is truth, if not the lies we tell ourselves? Is it really less believable than the notion an Empire's annihilation can bring peace to a betrayed Prince?

CHENI:

I loved you, Kylo. I always loved you. You knew that once. But you're so filled with hate now you've forgotten.

(FROM 'THE BURNING PRINCE', PART FOUR -)

KYLO:

This is a trick, you told me. You told me it was a lie.

ALIONA:

It's not. Look into your heart. Think about what you feel.

(BACK TO THE PRESENT...)

TENEBRIS:

(LOSING IT) You're lying to me again! Leave me alone! LEAVE ME ALONE!

CHENI:

Haven't you been alone long enough? I want us to be together, Kylo. That's all I ever wanted. Why won't you believe me?

TENEBRIS:

Get away from me!

(SILENCE. AFTER A MOMENT, THE DOCTOR DOES A SLOW HAND-CLAP.)

DOCTOR:

Well done. You drove her away. Again.

TENEBRIS:

You brought her here.

DOCTOR:

Of course I did. Isn't that what you asked?

TENEBRIS:

I wanted revenge! She betrayed me!

DOCTOR:

She didn't betray you. To do that, she'd have to care about you first. You were a pawn to be sacrificed.

TENEBRIS:

She said she loved me!

DOCTOR:

She was lying. Boy meets girl. Girl cuts boy's hand off. Girl commits genocide. It's the oldest story in the book.

TENEBRIS:

That's not what happened! Aliona... tell him that's not what happened! Aliona! ALIONA!

DOCTOR:

She's gone. You had your chance to tell her what she did to you – but you stuck your fingers in your ears until she went away. You're like some broken-hearted teenager. I suppose no-one ever really gets over their first crush.

TENEBRIS:

I've set worlds aflame!

DOCTOR:

For what? For the Igris? For revenge?

TENEBRIS:

(AGONISED ROAR) For HER!

(A MASSIVE PYROKINETIC IGNITION – CLOSE BY!)

DOCTOR:
Touched a nerve, have I?

(TENEBRIS LUNGES. HANDS ROUND THE DOCTOR'S THROAT. THEY STRUGGLE!)

CHENI (CLOSE):
Doctor! He's going to kill you!

TENEBRIS:
(WILD) I don't care about the Drashani! This was never about revenge! You made me what I am, Aliona! I've burned worlds - for you!

DOCTOR:
(GASPING WITH EXERTION)

(THEIR STRUGGLE GROWS MORE VIOLENT. TENEBRIS HAS THE UPPER HAND!

SUDDENLY - A SOUND LIKE TEARING PAPER. BIRDS' WINGS FLAP. THEN... ROARING, RUSHING AIR; JUST LIKE SCENE 54.

THE STRUGGLE STOPS.)

TENEBRIS:
(BREATHING HARD) Doctor? Doctor, where are you? (BEAT) He's gone, Aliona! He's - (BEAT) Aliona? Are you there? Aliona? ALIONAAAAA!

85. INT. PULSE CHAMBER (WRATH FLAGSHIP)

(THE DOCTOR'S YANKED BACK TO THE 'REAL' UNIVERSE FROM THE UNDERVOID.)

DOCTOR:
(BREATHING HARD)

WRATH:
Your morality has been vindicated, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
(STILL SHORT OF BREATH) I'm fine, thanks for asking.

WRATH:
Lord Deliverer Tenebris has rejected his doctrine of vengeance. The Wrath will do the same.

DOCTOR:
He liberated you, and you left him there... in that wasteland dimension.

WRATH:
Tenebris called us blank slates, Doctor. The purpose he gave us has been erased. We need new orders. We need new values.

DOCTOR:
You're asking me to give your lives meaning?

WRATH:
That would require a god. We do not need a god. A programmer will suffice.

DOCTOR:
(CONSIDERS... THEN EXHALES LOUDLY) Alright. Let's see what we can do.

86. INT. DOCKING CORRIDOR (SPACE-STATION)

(DUKHIN AND TEESHA WALK.)

TEESHA:

This looks like a docking-corridor, Dukhin. I bet it leads to the Wrath flagship. (BEAT) Are you alright?

DUKHIN:

I'm fine.

TEESHA:

You look shaken.

DUKHIN:

Still getting my senses back. My ears are still ringing.

TEESHA:

If that bomb had been much bigger, I don't think the explosive decompression would've saved us. We'd both be plastered all over the walls of the Avionics Nexus now.

DUKHIN:

Actually, I wasn't talking about the bomb.

(TEESHA STOPS.)

TEESHA:

(GRAVE) Dukhin. Listen very carefully. After we saved the station, I got overexcited, that's all. I just needed a little stress-relief. It's finished now, it's forgotten. It will never happen again.

DUKHIN:

OK.

TEESHA:

If you ever tell anyone, I will hunt you down and kill you like a dog. Understand?

(BEAT.)

DUKHIN:

Yes.

TEESHA:

Good. Let's find the Doctor.

(THEY START WALKING AGAIN.)

87. INT. PULSE CHAMBER (WRATH FLAGSHIP)

(GLASS VIBRATING. THE DOCTOR'S TAPPING AWAY AT A KEYBOARD. TEESHA AND DUKHIN ENTER.)

DOCTOR:

Teesha! And Dukhin Stubbs! You found your way here, well done. What have you been up to?

DUKHIN:

Nothing!

TEESHA:

There was a bomb. Nothing to worry about. It's gone now.

DOCTOR:

(UNINTERESTED) Ah. Very good. Well, I'm sure you'd like to know what's been happening since we were separated. The war's over. The Wrath have abandoned their vendetta against the Drashani Empire.

DUKHIN:

That's fantastic! How did you — ?

DOCTOR:

It's a long story. Mostly involving my exceptional brilliance and courage. Anyway — the more pertinent point is that the Wrath have asked me to reprogramme them. I've just about...

(A FINAL, DEFINITIVE KEYBOARD SEQUENCE. FOLLOWED BY A BEEP!)

DOCTOR:

...finished! Would you like to know what I've taught them?

TEESHA:

Do we have a choice?

DOCTOR:

Sarcasm is neither big nor clever, Teesha my dear. Your planet will no doubt reach that conclusion in a millennium or so.

DUKHIN:

(COUGHS) The Wrath, Doctor. What instructions did you give them?

DOCTOR:

(CLAPS) I'm very glad you asked, Dukhin. Under Tenebris, the Wrath were a scourge, trailing death and destruction across the cosmos. I've decided they'll become a force for peace instead. I've drawn upon a very reliable model for their new morality.

DUKHIN:
What model?

DOCTOR:
Myself.

TEESHA:
(UNCONVINCED) Yourself?

DOCTOR:
(OFFENDED) Yes Teesha. Myself. With my programming in their cortices, the Wrath will respect every voice. They won't judge; they'll quietly observe, never interfering. Seek sensible and well-reasoned compromise wherever conflict arises. Just as I do. What could possibly go wrong?

(NO REPLY.)

DOCTOR:
Hmmp. Well, I suppose you want to get back to Cawdor?

TEESHA:
That would be good.

DOCTOR:
I'll drop you off in the TARDIS. After that, I've a little errand to run.

88. EXT. THE UNDERVOID

(ROARING GALES, WORDLESS MOANING VOICES. THE TARDIS MATERIALISES. THE DOCTOR EMERGES.)

TENEBRIS:
Doctor.

DOCTOR:
Prince Kylo.

TENEBRIS:
How did you get here?

DOCTOR:
Oh, it was simplicity itself. It took some rather careful recalibration of the TARDIS' materialisation circuits, but then I am exceptionally clever... Are you alone?

TENEBRIS:
Aliona's gone. Gone forever. Somewhere in the void.. among the voices.

DOCTOR:
You have to let her go, you know that.

TENEBRIS:
I know.

DOCTOR:
(BEAT) Speaking of going. Are you going to come with me?

TENEBRIS:
What? Why?

DOCTOR:
Did you think I was going to leave you to die alone in this Undervoid? You've suffered quite enough for one lifetime, I think.

89. EXT. ROLLING HILLS (THE CAGLIOSTRO PRISMOSPHERE) — DAY

(UNSPOILED COUNTRYSIDE. BIRDS TWEET, LEAVES RUSTLE, A STREAM BABBLES. TARDIS MATERIALISES. THE DOCTOR AND KYLO EMERGE.)

TENEBRIS:

I knew it wasn't Aliona, you know. Right from the start.

DOCTOR:

Of course you did.

TENEBRIS:

Where are we?

DOCTOR:

Somewhere safe.

TENEBRIS:

Rolling hills, blue skies. It's beautiful. Living out my days alone here is a far more fragrant sentence than exile in the Undervoid.

DOCTOR:

This isn't a punishment. You won't be alone, Prince Kylo of Sorsha.

TENEBRIS:

If there's civilisation anywhere on this planet, Doctor, I see no sign of it.

DOCTOR:

Don't you? Take another look. Just a degree or two to your right.

TENEBRIS:

I really don't [see] — (STARTLED) Whoah!

(WITH ABSOLUTELY NO WARNING, THE IDYLIC COUNTRYSIDE'S GONE — REPLACED BY A BUSTLING CITYSCAPE! TRAFFIC, HONKING HORNS, RATTLING TRAINS, PEOPLE EVERYWHERE. LIKE THE NEW YORK RUSH-HOUR!)

DOCTOR:

See what I mean?

(THE CITYSCAPE NOISES DISAPPEAR AGAIN — BACK TO THE PEACEFUL IDYLL. KYLO'S HYPERVENTILATING; RECOVERING FROM THE SHOCK.)

TENEBRIS:

What was that? Did I imagine it? Did you see it too?

DOCTOR:
Try it again.

(THE SAME EFFECT — IDYLIC COUNTRYSIDE → CITYSCAPE RUSH-HOUR.
THEN, A MOMENT LATER, ANOTHER ENVIRONMENT; THIS TIME, CRASHING
OCEAN WAVES. AND THEN — IN QUICK SUCCESSION — A STRING OF OTHER
ALIEN WORLDS, EACH UTTERLY DIFFERENT TO THE LAST.

FINALLY, BACK TO THE ROLLING HILLS AND TWEETING BIRDS...)

DOCTOR:
Welcome to the Cagliostro Prismosphere, Prince Kylo.

TENEBRIS:
Pardon?

DOCTOR:
The Cagliostro Prismosphere. A little corner of reality where
thousands of worlds have become squashed together in the same
space-time. Layers of existence, all folded and overlaid on one
another.

TENEBRIS:
That's crazy.

DOCTOR:
Well, it's inevitably going to happen somewhere. People tend to
think the universe is neat and tidy. It isn't. It's more like
that dusty attic you keep meaning to get sorted but somehow
never get around to. Shift your perspective by the merest
fraction of a degree within the prismosphere, you're in another
world.

TENEBRIS:
I had no idea such a thing could be possible.

DOCTOR:
There are moons of fire and ice here. Vistas of pure thought,
and at least one planet where the locals communicate via the
medium of seafood. I wouldn't recommend that one. It tends to
get a little ripe during times of national celebration. (GRAVE)
You'll find it very easy to get yourself lost here... and very
easy to stay undetected.

TENEBRIS:
It's thirty years since I breathed the air of my homeworld.
What if I decide to go back?

DOCTOR:
If you take my advice, you'll forget about the Drashani Empire.
And if you do choose to leave the prismosphere someday, I'd
advise keeping several star-systems out of their way.

TENEBRIS:

Thank you, Doctor. You've shown me humanity I never earned.

DOCTOR:

I remember the man you were Kylo. The man I let down. Oh, that reminds me. One more thing. A souvenir. Something from your past.

(JEWELLERY GLISTENS – THE SAME TWINKLY SOUND EFFECT WE HEARD IN PART ONE.)

TENEBRIS:

The Royal Carcanet! From Aliona's wedding jewellery.

DOCTOR:

Not exactly a reminder of happy times, I know. But I wondered if you might like to keep it?

TENEBRIS:

Memories of sorrow and loss. I've spent decades trying to put them behind me, Doctor. I'm ready to embrace them now.

DOCTOR:

Goodbye, Kylo. I hope you'll find the peace you've been denied.

(THE TARDIS DOOR CLOSES. IT DEMATERIALISES... LEAVING JUST THE BIRDS, THE LEAVES, AND THE STREAM.)

TENEBRIS:

Goodbye Doctor.

90. EXT. COURTYARD (CAWDOR CASTLE) – DAY

(THE CASTLE KEEP. MERCHANTS, PEASANTS, FARM ANIMALS. OLERIK WALKS, ATTENDED BY HER ARMOURED WARRIORS.)

OLERIK:

Now remember. No spitting. No belching. No picking your nose. You may be barbaric nomads of the Cawdor plains, but there'll be grief if you don't act civilised in there. Got it?

NOMADS:

Yes clan-mother.

OLERIK:

Good. Now, when we get in, I want –

(TARDIS MATERIALISES. THE DOCTOR EMERGES.)

DOCTOR:

Olerik! You're alive! Splendid!

(TARDIS DOOR CLOSES. THEY EMBRACE.)

OLERIK:

'Course I'm alive. The Drashani sent another starcruiser to pick up their delegation. So muggins here's got to renegotiate the treaty for the Galdrium before they all pack up and go.

DOCTOR:

I certainly wouldn't want to be in their shoes.

OLERIK:

Come with me. I could use a good advisor right now.

DOCTOR:

Oh, you'll do fine without me getting in your way. Actually, I'm looking for Dukhin and Teesha. Have you seen them?

OLERIK:

Try the Drashani shuttle landing site. Now if you'll excuse me, I've some diplomacy to do.

91. EXT. DRASHANI SHUTTLE LANDING SITE (CAWDOR) — DAY

(MECHANICAL LOADERS RUMBLE AND SPUTTER, LOADING THE SHUTTLE.)

DUKHIN:

There's no trace of the Wrath left on Cawdor, Doctor. And their fleet's disappeared from orbit. Lot of clearing up to do down here, though.

DOCTOR:

A lot of bodies to be buried.

DUKHIN:

You freed the Wrath from Tenebris, Doctor. From his hunger for revenge. If we're the last world that suffers at their hands, maybe the deaths achieved something.

DOCTOR:

That's a positive way to look at things, Dukhin Stubbs. So... when will you be leaving for Gadarel Prime? Looks like the shuttle's almost loaded.

TEESHA (APPROACHING):

He's not leaving, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

You're not?

DUKHIN:

I've decided to stay on Cawdor. Teesha asked me to marry her. Olerik's going to conduct the ceremony.

TEESHA:

No, Dukhin. The clans of Cawdor don't marry. We're to be bound in a ritual pact of mutual sacrifice that will endure until one of us no longer draws breath.

DUKHIN:

That's what I said... married.

TEESHA:

You should come, Doctor. There'll be ale, vats of jellied palarmies, and fatted storbucks broiled in the juices of their new-born calves...

DUKHIN:

There'll be a vegetarian option too.

DOCTOR:

(SHARP INTAKE OF BREATH)

TEESHA:

Please Doctor. Let Cawdor offer the hospitality we failed to show you when you first arrived.

DOCTOR:

Oh, alright. Why not? The Drashani Empire's still in one piece, the threat of Tenebris is ended, and the Wrath have become a force for peace and order in the universe. Just this once, I think I've earned a party.

CLOSING THEME

92. INT. SPACEPORT CANTINA

(RAUCOUS, SLEAZY DIVE. SYNTHY RIFF ON COWBOY SALOON MUSIC TINKLES IN THE BACKGROUND. THE DOORS BANG OPEN.

THE SALOON GOES SILENT... A STRANGER'S BOOTS MARCH TO THE BAR.)

BARKEEP:

(WARY) This is exclusive establishment! We no get many new faces. What is it you want here.

STRANGER:

Wantin' a drink, barkeep. If that ain't an inconvenience to you.

(A GLASS SLAMS DOWN ON THE BAR. BOOZE GLUGS INTO IT. THE STRANGER KNOCKS IT BACK. GASPS.)

BARKEEP:

You making my regulars nervous. They no like strangers. You should leave.

STRANGER:

Well now... could be I'm just a friend they ain't met yet. See, I heard tell there's folks here willing to buy a thing without gettin all caught up in where that thing mighta come from. Is that right?

(RELIEF ALL ROUND. THE MUSIC STARTS UP AGAIN.)

BARKEEP:

I think you fit right in.

STRANGER:

I got me a batch o' Metebelis Mindstones burnin' a hole in my saddlebag. You know anyone here who [might] - ?

(FROM NOWHERE, THE BUZZ OF THE WRATHS' GESTALT MIND! THE SALOON GOES QUIET AGAIN.)

WRATH:

The Mindstones in your bag were received from the war criminal Kylo Sorsha, as payment for passage from the Cagliostro Prismosphere. You will tell us his intended destination.

STRANGER:

What in the twelve systems are - ?

WRATH:

We are the Wrath. We are a force for peace and order in the universe.

BARKEEP:

This respectable establishment! No trouble here!

WRATH:

The Wrath do not cause trouble. We do not judge, we simply observe.

STRANGER:

Observe this, you faceless freaks.

(HE DRAWS A GUN)

WRATH:

A weapon. Your lack of cooperation has been noted. The Mindstones are valuable. They were obtained illegally.

STRANGER:

That's my business, mister. Wanna make something of it?

(A WRATH FLAMEBOLT! THE STRANGER BURSTS INTO FLAMES - HE SCREAMS AND DIES! A BEAT. THEN THE SALOON MUSIC STARTS UP AGAIN.)

BARKEEP:

You fellows want drink?

END OF 'THE ACHERON PULSE'